

The TATLER

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London
March 6, 1940



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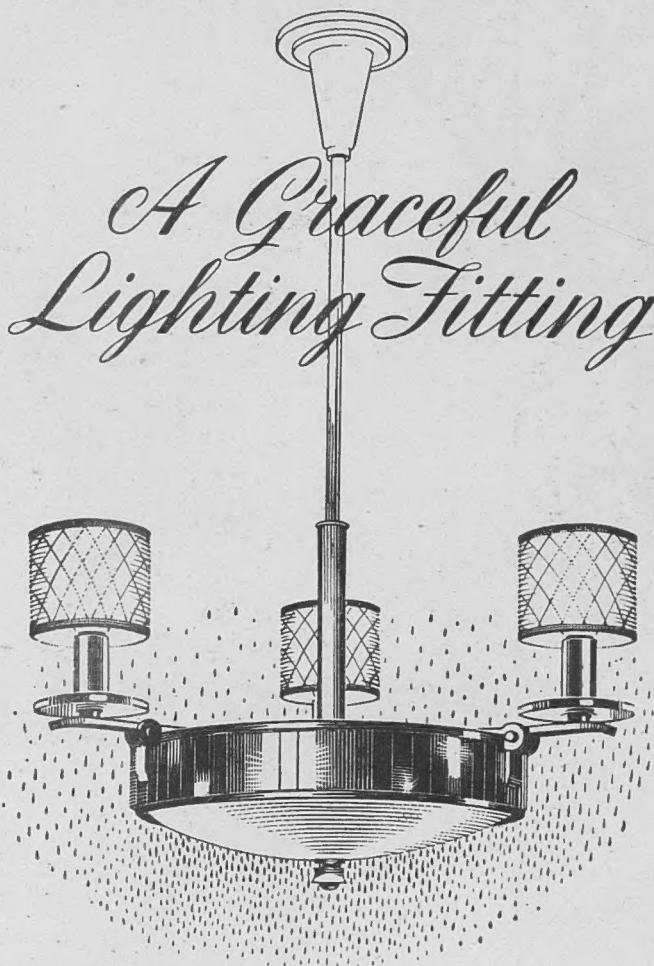
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The TATTLER

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Yvonde, Berkeley Square

THE DUCHESS OF NORTHUMBERLAND

A recent portrait of Her Grace taken in the uniform of the British Red Cross Society of which she is the President for the county of Surrey. In this picture the Duchess of Northumberland is wearing the G.C.V.O. and the C.B.E. The Duchess is President of the Comforts and Benevolent Fund for the A.T.S., of which the Queen is Patroness, and also a member of the General Council and Vice-President of the F.A.N.Y.S. in Northumberland and holds the honorary rank of commandant.

Her Grace is an aunt of the Duke of Richmond



THE DOMINIONS SECRETARY'S RECENT VISIT TO EGYPT

Mr. Anthony Eden, Lady Lampson, wife of the British Ambassador, and the Egyptian Premier, H. E. Aly Maher Pasha, drinking the toast of the King of Egypt at the special luncheon given in Mr. Eden's honour. The Dominions Secretary went to Egypt as the bearer of a message of welcome to the Australian and New Zealand troops. A portrait of Mrs. Anthony Eden appears on page 303 in this issue

"And artless each man each year stands marvelling
At the renewal of his privileges;
Forgets each year—poor winter's starveling—
The spring's surprise . . ."

V. SACKVILLE-WEST.

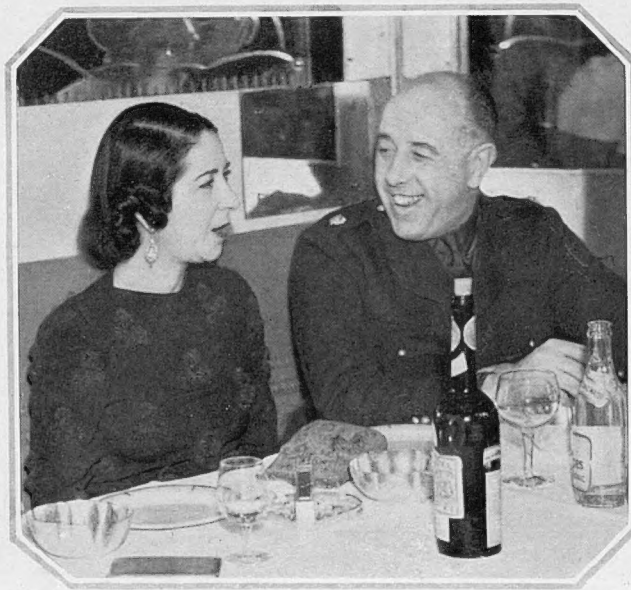
THE first day of spring in London coincided with Alethea Talbot's wedding to "Mac" Mackeson, who managed to look completely happy, though feeling ill. He had to have his appendix out, within twenty-four hours. Brother officers, including Captain Richard Anstruther-Gough-Calthorpe, acted as a whispering chorus of ushers, and the Duchess of Gloucester was the pretty, principal guest. A conventicle of Lowlanders included Lady Sinclair; the tall Scott twin, and "Tom" Dundas who was married in the same church seven years before to the day. His good lady's spring hat was covered with china blue ostrich to match her eyes, and several guests wore pale blue gloves, a touch of the same on the hat or at the neck relieving the rust of black. Major Sandys of Graythwaite and wife and daughter (who hope to increase the food supply by helping Lady Thirlestane to fish her beat of the Tweed) were lost in admiration, to coin a phrase, of the bride's clinging silver *crêpe* dress which came from a famous house, and looked it. If this glancing material was chosen with an eye to hunt balls, it is further evidence of rosy optimism however pink politics may become. The Queen's dressmaker

And the World Said—

MAJOR AND MRS. H. R. MACKESON
AFTER THEIR WEDDING

Tunbridge

Major Mackeson is in one of the few cavalry regiments which have escaped mechanization, and his bride is the former Miss Alethea Talbot, the daughter of the late Commander R. G. Talbot, R.N., and the Mrs. Talbot of Maxpoffle, St. Boswells, Roxburghshire. The wedding was at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, and was attended by H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester



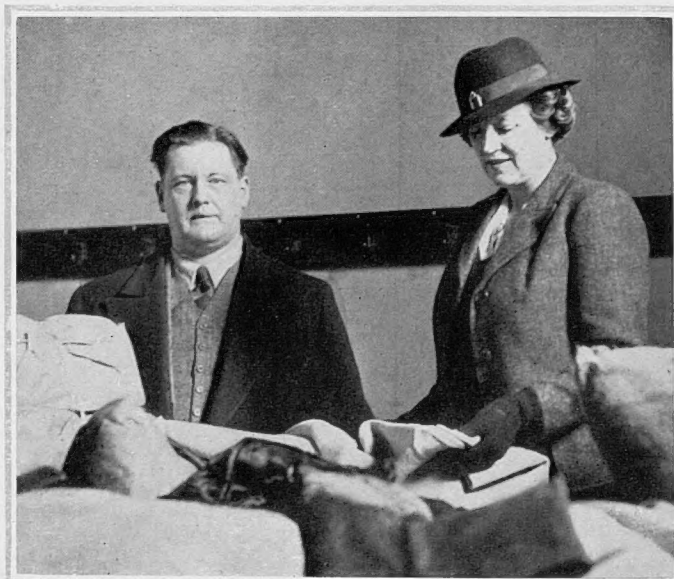
LORD AND LADY NORTHESK

Lunching together somewhere in London last week. Lord Northesk, in happier times a leading Cresta rider, has rejoined the regiment in the Brigade of Guards to which he formerly belonged. Lady Northesk was Miss Elizabeth Vlasto

has caught the prevailing mood by refraining from showing any full evening dresses in his collection, replacing same by long-sleeved glamour gowns, heavily beaded at the yoke. But his best dinner dress is white *peau d'ange* or silk jersey (don't ask me which) with two wide swinging loops which make wings instead of sleeves, for summer. Several black runabouts showed touches of Cambridge or Madonna blue, as noted. Taking more than passing interest were Mr. Duff-Cooper's niece, Mrs. Donald Cameron, and Mrs. Robert Douglas's mother, Dorothy Dickson, whose own appearance was as exquisite as the mannequins, in spite of three "black" weeks on tour. Theatrical readers may guess where these occurred, but I must not tell. Glasgow liked the play (Ivor Novello's new comedy which I pre-viewed for you at Bristol three months ago, since when it has been coining all over the country), but Edinburgh went wild about

it, and when my native capital expresses approval its dour *tempo* becomes a cross between Murrayfield—Scotland leading—and an Elsa Maxwell party in New York. Those who only know Scotland from the outside may have their doubts. The Novello will be with us in London in about a month, possibly at the Lyric. Long before then *The Beggar's Opera* (shades of the Lyric, Hammersmith!) will arrive from Brighton, where the Glyndebourne Company has been rapturously received in John Gielgud's production of John Gay's musical masterpiece. I say "John Gay" purposely in case the *ignorami* credit Noel Gay who will probably get a demand note from the income tax in two years' time. In the "roaring twenties" they addressed one to John Gay, Esq.—dead these two hundred years—and, furthermore, unable to cough up owing to his participation in the South Sea Bubble. Whether London approves the sets and costumes, *circa* Cruickshank's drawings (a hundred years out), is doubtful, nor are the fine singers engaged necessarily at ease as actors. Audrey Mildmay (Mrs. John Christie) plays Polly. No Lucy, however winning, can hope to equal Violeta Marquesita the Scots-Spanish singer who played the part at Hammersmith, then met the writer-rider Tschiffeley at Cunninghame-Graham's house, and married him. They have lived happily ever after, in Chelsea, where she is a considerable noise in A.R.P. And she talks in Spanish to South America—one of the B.B.C's better efforts.

The *Daily Express* is making another drive against "snobbish prattle about so-called society." It enjoins "British journalism" to follow its example and banish the gossip column because "It is a waste of time writing about those who show their uniforms in the West End, but never get a sight of the North Sea." We could not agree more heartily. Nearly three years ago THE TATLER extended its gossip to a wide-mesh commentary for mixed company. These pages try to avoid "the Duchess looked sweet in pink," the sickly style having dated. Yet on at least one daily paper toadying has survived, laid on with a Canadian trowel. This goes to prove that the market for flattery, like Vanity Fair itself, remains imperishable. Gossip in one guise or another will even outlive the human race. When the last man on earth dies of the creeping cold, a woman on Venus, or some other hot spot, will say "I told you so," and a lot more besides.



Richardson
LORD AND LADY BEAUCHAMP AND
A CONTRIBUTION TO FINLAND

The sacks and packages contain clothing collected in Worcestershire, as a result of an appeal made by Lord Beauchamp on behalf of Finland. Lady Beauchamp who is the Worcestershire leader of the W.V.S., is superintending the dispatch of the clothing to Finland. Before her marriage Lady Beauchamp was the widow of Direktor C. P. Dornonville de la Cour of Copenhagen



Bassano
MADAME MOMTCHILOFF

A recently taken portrait of the wife of H. E. Nicolas Momtchiloff, the Bulgarian Minister to the Court of St. James's. Like every other neutral country, especially those in the Balkans, the times are particularly anxious and trying ones

passage, sanctified by the passing of a highwayman and by the aura of an early Arlen. "Peter" of the old Embassy accounts for the regulars, and the chef is a master of his art. Noted: the (George) Leons; Colonel Douglas Faulkner who is very well liked in the H.B.; George Philipson; "Quinny" Gilbey; Olga Stern; "Lex" Wilson; Mrs. Evelyn Fitzgerald (in a petersham cap with fascinator veil); Lady Patricia Latham with her mother; and Mrs. Elizabeth Koch de Gooreynd with Mrs. Euan Wallace. For the first time in his parliamentary career Captain Wallace made a not unfunny come-back in the House, *à propos* the coal distribution scandal, for which hopeless muddle he was being attacked on all sides as Minister of Transport, though Sir Assheton Pownall kindly blamed the weather. After heated supplementaries, a verra Scotch member asked if the minister would keep an eye on having coal conveyed immediately to a certain district. The answer "I shall endeavour to have eyes all round my head," caused astonishment—light *repartie* from this Minister being



AT A COMING OF AGE PARTY LAST WEEK

Mr. Mark Howard and Lady Sarah Spencer-Churchill, who were two of Mr. Philip Profumo's guests at his coming of age party at the Café de Paris. Lady Sarah Spencer-Churchill is the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough's eldest daughter. Mr. Philip Profumo is a former Master of the Oxford Drag

And the World said—(continued)

an entirely new departure. Lady Astor, waving white gloves like windmills, accused the Prime Minister of over-taxing himself by taking a personal hand in the coal clear-up, all because he had not appointed ministers capable of doing their jobs. Mr. Chamberlain, expressing gratitude for the noble lady's solicitude for his welfare, added, "I am perfectly satisfied with my ministers." Shout from the Opposition—"The King's Ministers." Bow, and what must have been a murmured apology from the P.M. On the same comparatively uneventful afternoon an interpolation, which was not reported, occurred during whys and wherefores anent an article by Mr. Hore-Belisha, which was cut here, and censored in France. Mr. Chamberlain replied that the French authorities are on their own soil, or words to that effect (I have lost my Hansard) whereupon a presumptuous Scotch person with a fruity Wee MacGregor accent, made use of "Haw-Haw's" well-worn line—"I thocht France was a Breetish Domeenion." Admittedly a discourteous and silly thing to say about our great Ally, even in jest, yet it starts a train of thought. As the two Governments have said over and over again they are working hand in glove—all barriers down—the two peoples should not be allowed to feel isolated from each other as is the case at present; travel being virtually impossible for ordinary citizens, and posts irritatingly slow. I do not see what Mr. Chamberlain can do about it; perhaps "Priscilla" has a suggestion to offer M. Daladier? The British female yearns to know which gee-gaws are worn, and where. Absence of such minute propaganda is bad for the luxury trades, and for vanity, that precious perquisite, already banished from Russia, and never sufficiently rampant in Germany where, if men liked women more, they might stay at home, and not get all hotted up at public meetings.

British propaganda in Portugal is admirable, writes a reader in Lisbon, who finds the news as presented by our oldest ally soothing to English hearts. Every headline screams or implies an Allied success. Restrictions on taking currency abroad have hit the British colony at Estoril, where the colonels show no enthusiasm at the prospect of Cheltenham as an alternative retreat. Some tigers among them even talk of going to Finland whence the news, as presented in this country, is unexpectedly anti-Russian. I repeat "unexpectedly" because some of the young "intellectuals" acting as correspondents went out tinted pink. Lord Donegall (not an intellectual) honestly admitted he has felt some admiration for the Soviet experiment as such. Like the man in Garbo's picture, he "admired your Five Year Plan for the last twenty years." Naturally "Don" deplores the attack on Finland. Mr. John Langdon-Davies stood further Left, his friends tell me, yet his reports of indiscriminate bombing are redolent of horror and condemnation of every Soviet act. If "Hands off Russia" individuals would go and see for themselves, England would not miss them, and they would return chastened, if at all. One of

Mr. Langdon-Davies's neighbours on Clapham Common (where the rosy, Georgian houses are the most delightful in all London) is in the news with a new book "The Power and the Glory." Graham Greene, who wrote "The Man Within," "Brighton Rock," and other thrilling, macabre stories, remains unspoiled, possibly because he is hypersensitive, and his wife super-sensible. Their house on the common is full of things you wish you had picked up yourself. His new book is bigger and deeper, embracing a spiritual conflict between Catholicism, and the powers of evil which are trying to stamp it out of Mexico, where this author travelled a year or two ago. R.C.s, and indeed all Christians however easy going, will be appalled by the contents, which prove beyond dispute that religion and every good thing are being systematically attacked on different continents. The evil has gained so much *terrain* and so great an impetus that the churches seem to be drawing together at last. In this country one senses a tremendous admiration for the Pope at the expense of the Protestant bishops. C. of E. agitation against the elementary schools (which inculcate neither Godliness nor cleanliness, as evacuation showed up) coincides with an R.C. outcry against the same thing. The most revered R.C. lady in Nottinghamshire is Mrs. Charles Carlin (aunt of the Marquesa de Casa Maury, Mrs. Blew-Jones and Mrs. James Seeley) who, having turned her house into a Red Cross Hospital finds herself a commandant for the second time. In the last war she took care of Belgian wounded, among others, and one of her patients was her husband. A wing of their house has been a home for crippled children for some years. This good samaritan also keeps bees which provide wax for the candles in the chapel.

Please endeavour to attend an Anglo-American Community

Pay Party, which should prove a spring-like occasion on April 11, at the Dorchester. Mrs. Reynolds Albertini is getting it up, helped by Lady Jersey, Mrs. Warren Pearl and Mrs. Gilbert Kennedy. Another American-born "Britisher," Mrs. Hélène Glorney, has been working at the All-Services Canteen Club since it reopened, but in the summer they will have to find a substitute as she has taken a house adjacent to a famous naval dockyard. The Royal Navy is not the only service to recall its gallant dugouts. Rumour says the R.A.F. aces of the Great War will form a "bearded squadron." A potential member, who brought down twenty-five (certified) last time, says they will lean out and wag hirsute chins at the Hun—subject for our naval aviation cartoonist—Wing-Commander E. G. Oakley-Beuttler.



LADY ROSE PAGET WHOSE ENGAGEMENT IS ANNOUNCED

The betrothal of Lord and Lady Anglesey's fourth daughter to the Hon. John McLaren, younger son of Lord Aberconway was announced on the 27th of last month and it is stated that the wedding will take place at an early date. Lord Aberconway is the former Sir Henry Duncan McLaren, and was raised to the peerage in 1911

Fayer

The Lord Mayor's Red Cross and St. John Fund for the Sick and Wounded in the War rose last week to £1,177,000—an increase of £4,000.

A number of gifts for the Red Cross sale which is to be held in the spring at Christie's have been received by Sir Courtauld Thomson.

The Earl of Cromer has sent a valuable edition of Shakespeare.



Yevonde, Berkeley Square

MRS. ANTHONY EDEN—HER LATEST PORTRAIT

The beautiful wife of the Secretary of State for Dominion Affairs is most appropriately President of the "All Services' Canteen Club," the main object of which is to produce a home from home for any lonely warrior, especially any one from beyond the seas. That it has amply achieved this purpose has been evident many a time. A South African said that it had taken the "lonely" out of London. Mrs. Eden is busy with Mrs. Littlejohn Cook, the founder of the club, organizing a matinée to be held at the Queen's Theatre, March 15, to raise further funds, and as Leslie Henson is in the bill along with other stars of magnitude it is sure to go with a real bang



MYRNA LOY AND ADOLPHE MENJOU

Together at a recent Hollywood social occasion were Myrna Loy and French-born Adolphe Menjou, he wearing the medals he won as a member of the Ambulance Corps of the American army in France during the last war. Menjou has recently been seen in London in *Golden Boy*, the screen version of Clifford Odets's moving play about a boxer-violinist and in *The Housekeeper's Daughter*, a hilarious comedy. Myrna Loy is again teamed with William Powell in a third "Thin Man" film.

MANY years ago I wrote a novel called *Responsibility*. The crux of this novel was when in 1914 an illegitimate son sought out his father saying that he had never worried him before but that, now that he was going to give his life, he would like to have as much to give it for as the other lads of his age possessing fathers who acknowledged them. Whereupon the father grew sentimental, patriotic, and even bombastic, only to find himself suddenly deflated by a lifelong friend with this speech: "I know you, Ned; you're going to make a great fuss of this fellow and get infernally fond and proud of him and talk about devoting your whole life to him. This may mean as much as half an hour a day, but you'll think it's your whole life. And you'll be tremendously happy about it until you realize that you're just a common thief reaping where you haven't sown. Your fatherhood wasn't utterly base, but it wasn't considered. You never gave the boy a ha'porth of care, you had none of the anxiety of him, you hardly knew he existed. You're a tremendous fellow, Ned, and you'll play the father tremendously. But you're a filcher of happiness all the same. Affection and not generosity is the only reparation; affection is what you'll have to give. And if you can manage that you may be able to forgive yourself for having been found with your hand in the sack of common happiness. It's your own responsibility; nobody else can forgive you, or help you. Nobody in fact cares about twopence it." Years later there was a proposal that this novel should be filmed, and I wrote to the late T. P. O'Connor, the film censor at the time, asking what chances there were of getting a certificate for it. T. P. replied: "My dear James—None at all! Bastardy as a subject is not recognized by the British Board of Film Censors. I am sorry, but there it is."

History repeats itself, only more flagrantly. A few years ago Mr. Walter Greenwood wrote a novel called *Love on the Dole* which was vastly more successful than *Responsibility* had ever been. It was turned into a play which was witnessed by the King and Queen and some three million playgoers. Clergymen throughout the land preached hundreds of sermons with the book's title as their text. At this point, since the public memory is short, it may be as well to recapitulate Mr. Greenwood's main situation. Sally Hardcastle, a Lancashire mill-hand, has lost her lover, killed in a skirmish with the police during an unemployment demonstration. All the family except Sally is out of work, so that she has to keep father, mother, herself, her brother, and the girl whom her brother has got into trouble. There is the dole, but that does not

THE CINEMA

By JAMES AGATE

That Censorship!

last for ever. And now a wealthy bookmaker makes Sally a proposition. He is married, but if the girl will consent to be his nominal house-keeper he will provide not only for her but for her family also. The way for Sally's ultimate decision has been paved in an earlier conversation between her mother and a neighbour who has her head screwed on—in the wrong or the right way, but anyhow on! Mrs. Bull's argument is as follows:

"Y'want to forget y'self for a bit and try to understand how t'young'uns must feel about all these 'ere goings-on in t'world today. Every cent they earn being tuk in keeping their owd folks an' any o't'family what comes out o'work. If your Sal had gone on brooding as she was, she'd ha' done what poor sowl did in t'next street yesterday. Guardians towld him he'd t'give five bob to his people what had come under t'Means Test, an' him married wi' a wife and family o' his hown. An' what did he do? Cut his froat an' jumped through bedroom window, poor sowl!"

There are some terrible passages before Sally finally decides. Her father calls her unspeakable names. But Sally goes on making her point. She faces up to her father: "Y'kicked our Harry out because he got married, an' y're kicking me out 'cause Ah ain't." He knocks her down.

Sally goes on: "Aye, an' Ah'll tell ye summat else. It's sick Ah am o' codging owd clothes t'mek 'em luk summat like. An' sick Ah am o' working week after week an' seeing nowt for it. Ah'm sick o' never havin' nowt but what's bin in pawnshops an' crawling wi' vermin!" In the end Sally goes off with her bookmaker, and we know that some force in her other than her own luxury and riot is driving her to a career which may not wholly displease her though the man does. As she goes she pours money into her mother's lap and leaves on the table those letters from her protector which are to obtain jobs for her father and brother. In a scene for which the only parallel is César Birotteau's fall to his knees on the news of his bankruptcy, we have already heard Sally's father pray for work and take the name of God not in vain. The end of the play finds him an angry, beaten man, and his last words are: "Oh, God, Ah've done me best! Ah've done me best, haven't Ah?" Well, hasn't he? Are we to condemn Sally? Or her father? How far is a man justified in using his daughter's immoral earnings to keep a roof over her mother's head? It may be that in the light of later reason such earnings may not be immoral. Are they, then, moral?

This is the question which appears to be troubling the British Board of Film Censors today. They will not grant Mr. Greenwood a certificate for a film of *Love on the Dole* unless the story is drastically revised. Which, of course, means emasculated. This, if you please, from a Board which has for years licensed films which glorify the relationship of gold diggers to sugar daddies, films which make any little typist think, with Coriolanus, that there is a better world elsewhere! It is the old, old story of the old, old and utterly contemptible official attitude towards dramatic art. This attitude has long laid it down that immorality is a fit subject for drama only if and when it is treated flippantly, and that the serious and thoughtful treatment of something which seriously occupies the thoughts of hundreds of young women in this country is taboo. I now ask the British Board of Film Censors to come out into the open in this matter. Do they accept my definition of their attitude? The only alternative is that every playgoer who saw the play of *Love on the Dole* condoned an immoral spectacle!

Columbia are assembling an outstanding cast for the gay, romantic comedy, *The Doctor Takes a Wife*. This film, which is now nearing completion, co-stars Loretta Young and Ray Milland. In *The Doctor takes a Wife*, Loretta Young blossoms forth into comedy for the first time



MR. R. J. MINNEY WITH
MRS. ELINOR GLYN

"INTELLIGENCE"
AND
INTELLIGENCE
AT FOYLE'S LUNCH



MISS URSULA BLOOM



LADY RAVENSDALE AND
MR. ROBERT MONTGOMERY



CAPTAIN VON RINTELEN (GUEST OF HONOUR)
AND LADY SELBY



IN FRONT) MR. COLLIE KNOX AND MISS CHRISTINA
FOYLE. (BACK CENTRE) MR. JONAH BARRINGTON



MR. CHARLES GRAVES AND
SIR PAUL DUKES



MR. C. R. W. NEVINSON AND HIS
FATHER, MR. H. W. NEVINSON

This luncheon at the May Fair Hotel, engineered as usual by the amazing Miss Christina Foyle, will go down in history as the greatest collection of secret service people, called by some just "spies," in the history of this or any other war. There were some active, some past and some creators of marvellous characters of this coterie in fiction. The guest of honour was Captain von Rintelen, ex-German spy (during the last war), now one of Great Britain's firmest allies and recently on a lecturing tour of the schools; subject: "Secret Service in War and Peace," but an even more interesting personality intimately connected with Intelligence was Sir Paul Dukes, straight back from the hell in Helsinki and he kept every one spellbound when he made a thrilling speech on "An Intelligence Officer's View of Russia and Finland." Sir Paul Dukes has done marvellous Intelligence service in Russia, and is also an author of distinction of works connected with the work upon which he is engaged, a memorable one being "Red Dusk and the Morrow," published as long ago as 1922. A more recent one is "ST 25." Colonel V. Kaledin, whose new book "Moscow-Berlin Secret Services" is shortly to be published, was another distinguished "agent" present, and though "Bengal Lancer" has never been publicly cited as a secret service operator most of his trade (cavalry soldier in India) bump into things almost inevitably. The clever young



MAJOR F. YEATS-BROWN
"BENGAL LANCER"

hostess is flanked by two rival radio critics, Mr. Collie Knox (*Daily Mail*) and Mr. Jonah Barrington (*Daily Express*), and if literature and beauty were sought, where better could it be found than in Mrs. Elinor Glyn and Miss Ursula Bloom. Mr. Minney is the author of "Clive of India" fame and other works. Mr. Robert Montgomery, who came as Lady Ravensdale's guest, has absolutely nothing to do with secret service, but is busy on a film at the M-G-M Studios at Denham, but there is no information as to whether or no any spies come into the picture. Probably not!

Racing Ragout

By QUINTIN GILBEY



F. L. ARMSTRONG

A member of the well-known family of Middleham trainers, who has amongst his charges "Boomps-a-Daisy," much fancied for the Lincoln. Last year's favourite, Domaha, was also one of Armstrong's, and only finished fifth

RACING at Newbury after a couple of months' stoppage was very welcome, and to my amazement the going was perfect. This was particularly astonishing as from the railway carriage window Reading looked as near like Venice as it ever will do.

It would, of course, take more than floods to make Reading really look like Venice and I trust that my moderate opinion of the æsthetic value of its architecture will not offend either Mr. Huntley or Mr. Palmer. A curious feature of the second day's racing was that almost every one I met complained of a hangover, proof, if any further proof were needed, that London night life really is very gay at the moment and that the alcoholic consumption after licensing hours has seldom, if ever, been higher in the history of our island race. I had every reason to be proud of a very tall friend, recently on leave from France. When he got up to dance I wouldn't have taken 66 to 1 about him getting round without a fall, but he never put a foot wrong which is more than could be said for Airgead Sios, who never rose at all at the last fence and shot Tommy McNeil for six. I think he would have won otherwise, and this is the opinion of Feakes who

rode the winner, Sidmouth, who is only half a horse as yet, but if he goes on the right way should be a smasher. An excellent jockey and a very modest young man is Feakes, and I have found that modesty is far more conspicuous among the jumper jockeys than among their flat-racing confrères, who are very touchy little things. I have many friends among them, but one has only to hint that one of them hasn't ridden like a little hero, for him to cut you dead and follow up this rebuff with a solicitor's letter. With the going so good Airgead Sios did look money for old rope, but these days I haven't even any old rope to chuck about, so I refrained from laying the odds, and when he hit the floor I felt as if I'd almost backed a winner. Prior to this mishap we had seen a somewhat lethargic Airgead Sios, and Sidmouth led him throughout. This was according to plan, but McNeil did not pull him about, in fact Airgead Sios appeared quite content to settle down behind Sidmouth who then beat him at his own game. One of the most fascinating horses I can remember, Sir Francis Towle's horse has from time to time been subject to "off" days, and without wishing to be rude to Sidmouth I think this was one of them.

Another one who, I think, must have been suffering from an aberration was young Mr. Kim Muir, who so far forgot himself as to put up his friend, Trooper Hanbury, on his horse, Gowran Ranger. Now I have no doubt that Trooper Hanbury will be an officer, and a very imposing one at that, almost before you can turn round, but he wasn't one at Newbury and this fact cost Mr. Muir a pretty penny and would have cost him several more pennies if some gentlemen of my acquaintance had been acting as stewards. As Mr. Muir has been criticised already from all sorts of sporting and other journalistic quarters, I do not intend to tickle him up any further in this column except to say that for sheer carelessness I have seldom seen its equal on a racecourse. We are all guilty of carelessness from time to time, but it really is terrifying what these very human lapses can bring in their train; why, if it hadn't been for someone's carelessness about fifty-two years ago we wouldn't have had Hitler.

I hope the censor won't mind my alluding to the fact that the stands are still choc-a-bloc with soldiers but the pressroom has been restored to us, but alas, not the lunch, and it made my heart bleed to see my old friend, Cyril Luckman, eating his own sandwiches. Goodness, that man Hitler is responsible for some misery in the world.

Two Lincolnshire horses won over hurdles at the meeting—Wonersh and Quartier Maitre. The former put up a splendid performance and Magee described him to me as one of the best young hurdlers he'd ever ridden. I saw Wonersh run very well in last year's Irish Derby, and he won first time out in this country at Sandown at the astonishing price of 20 to 1. I often marvel at the phlegmatic

manner in which owners and trainers meet the slings and arrows of fortune. On the momentous occasion of Wonersh's victory at Sandown last summer neither Miss Paget nor Owen Anthony even smiled. We missed Miss Paget's sunny presence at Newbury, but in addition to Wonersh's victory she won the big 'chase with Le Cygne who had fallen at the first fence in the Red Cross 'Chase at Leopardstown. It puzzled me how the handicapper with only the horse's Irish form found a reliable line on which to base his calculations to give him eleven stone. As it turned out the line wasn't very reliable or Le Cygne would have won with another six or seven pounds on his back. Things might have been different hadn't Up Sabu "come it" with Gerry Wilson three fences from home when jumping into the lead with a "double handful." Up Sabu is a certain future winner, and he may have even won before these lines appear in print. That usually safe jumper, Dunhill Castle, was yet another one in a careless mood, and Billy Parvin told me that it was sheer carelessness on the horse's part which caused him to fall at the first fence.

Quartier Maitre, although he won easily enough at the finish, didn't impress me to anything like the extent that Wonersh had done. He had very little to beat but Danny Morgan, who rode a beautifully jumped race, had to get at him going into the last hurdles. Quartier Maitre is talked

(Continued on page xii)



Poole, Dublin

AT NAVAN 'CHASES

Miss Eva Hallam, an English owner, who has run her horses in Eire since the outbreak of war, with Captain H. Weber, a well-known trainer and gentleman rider. Some more pictures of Navan on page xvi

WITH TWO CRACK IRISH PACKS



MRS. A. H. CONNELL, M.F.H. (JOINT-MEATH) AND BARONESS HERBERT VON METZSCH REICHENBACH



COLONEL THE HON. EDWARD CORBALLY-STOURTON AND W. FITZSIMONS (THE MEATH HUNTSMAN)



THE HON. MRS. CORBALLY-STOURTON AND HER CHILDREN
(BELOW) CAPTAIN C. M. L. CLEMENTS, MISS CLEMENTS AND LIEUT.-COL. CLEMENTS



WITH THE MEATH: MRS. NATHANIEL PRESTON AND LORD DUNSANY

WITH THE KILDARE: MRS. O'BRIEN AND MR. IAN BLACKER

The Meath were at a lawn meet at Dunsany Castle and the Kildare at quite as favourite a tryst in their country, Rathcoole, when the camera blazed into the brown and bagged all the well-known hunting personalities displayed in this page. Dunsany's talented poet-playwright owner, used to go into the fighting line with his county pack, but of late years has not done quite so much of it. Mrs. Preston who is with Lord Dunsany, is, however, one of the Meath fliers. Fitzsimons, the famous Meath huntsman for forty-two seasons, retired two years ago, but when Captain A. C. Cameron, who hunted them in the interim, had to go away battle-fighting, Fitzsimons came back and carries on, let us hope, for Meath's sake, for

the duration. It is no over-statement to say that few, if any, better men have ever ridden over the formidable Meath country. The Hon. Edward Corbally-Stourton, who is seen passing the time of day with the huntsman, is Lord Mowbray's uncle, and Mrs. Corbally-Stourton, for whom see another picture with Nigel and Vanessa, the two children, is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Page, of Wragby, Lincs. The Baroness von Metzsch Reichenbach is the widow of the Baron who died in 1932, and is one of Lord Mowbray's aunts. Mrs. A. H. Connell is the hard-riding Joint-Master of the Meath, and also Master of the North Kildare Harriers. Lieut.-Col. Clements and brother, who is in a Hussar unit, were on a spot of hunting-leave with the Kildare. Mrs. O'Brien and Mr. Ian Blacker are two more Kildare "regulars"

Photos: Poole, Dublin





Vivienne

EMLYN WILLIAMS, AUTHOR OF THAT BRILLIANT PLAY,
"THE LIGHT OF HEART"

By popular acclaim the best play since this war started, which means six months, and in all human probability the best play for a long time past. Emlyn Williams is acting in his other success, *The Corn is Green*, at the Piccadilly, but Godfrey Tearle plays the lead in *The Light of Heart*, at the Apollo, and has given us a wonderful performance of the drink-sodden actor who gets one more chance—and misses it

Tragedy of a "Romantic."

REALLY, I suppose, one should never marry a romantic. They are always searching, always finding, always losing interest and beginning the search all over again. Which, I take it, is not a good foundation for married bliss. Unfortunately, romantics always make the loveliest lovers. Their dreams create an ideal, and I defy any man or woman not to feel subtly flattered when addressed in terms of an ideal. It is invariably nice to be worshipped; being at the same time an emotionally easy task. The worshippers have all the hard work, and you yourself have only to accept their offerings. Which is a pleasantly peaceful situation, taking it all round. The difficulty is to remain on the perch. I mean, you may still be there, the same as you ever were, but the time comes when the worshipper perceives a difference. He thinks it is in you, but it is really in himself. The moment an ideal is familiarised it ceases to be an ideal. Poetry is full of adulation towards lovers whose name, ten years later, is forgotten (or as good as). I don't think that good poets can make good husbands. I mean husbands who wear well. And romantics are but poets who don't necessarily put pens to paper. Moreover men are much more romantic than women, who, so to speak, merely inspire romance. Really, it is, I suppose, an instinctive love of beauty. But the person you live with year in, year out at last ceases to be beautiful: one is fortunate if one finds him, or her, restful.

Meanwhile the search for beauty still goes on; often with devastating overwork in the Divorce Court. I suppose, the conventional marriage laws are all wrong; seeing that they accept, metaphorically speaking, a full stop in a sentence which only time can really bring to an end. And by Time I mean the faithfulness of familiarity which,

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

physically, is too bored to change. Thus, to marry a romantic worshipper is only a brief sojourn upon a pedestal. Like the heartbroken widow or widower, so inconsolable out loud and on all occasions that they marry again quickly in order to console themselves: time not so much marching as skipping along. For the trouble with romantic lovers is that they are always falling in love. Also, they have the knack of finding romance in the queerest situations. Their wives may be good and charming and quite ready to be faithful unto death—which, surely, is the consummation of romance—but, in periods of five years or so, ten other young women may have ascended the throne in turn to receive a repetition of their husband's homage. I suppose it is difficult to take it philosophically, because when a worshipper turns away to worship, even temporarily, other gods, it is a nasty one in the eye to the *amour propre* of she who had supposed herself permanently fixed for the duration.

Mr. Gerald Bullett's splendid new novel, "A Man of Forty" (Dent; 7s. 6d.), is the story of such a tragic episode. It is the story of a man's unfaithfulness and a wife's tragic reaction to it. It is really remarkable besides, because rarely have I read a novel in which the characters, especially the leading ones, were so actual and so real. Reading it, one never feels that one is reading a novel; rather it is like being behind the mental and emotional scene of life itself. Though the outcome of the story is murder, nobody is bad. Merely weak and self-deceived and perverted. David, the husband, was weakest of all. It was typical of his weakness that soon after the age of forty he retired with a pension from the Civil Service and devoted himself to pottering about in his home and tapping the barometer. Really, he had nothing else to do except to get into emotional mischief. He found it in Mary, who was young, beautiful, unmoral, with apparently as little intelligence as she had ballast. She was there, however, on the spot, and a romantic lover can never resist propinquity. Moreover, she was young enough to have been David's daughter. It didn't give his wife, Lydia, a chance. Besides, what woman has a chance who is as familiar to her husband as bacon and eggs? As welcome, too, and as unexciting?

David, at forty, had possibilities; but Lydia at the same age had for years lived as if those kind of possibilities for her would never be required again. She had come through one episode of near-unfaithfulness on the part of her husband; which, however, never came to breaking up the home. She hoped and imagined that it would be the last. She did not realise that David, being a romantic and also an unconscious sensualist, would never have a last in love. Worse still, being what he was, every new love would seem to him not only the first real love of all but the last one as well. I have rarely read a description of such a woman's reactions to such an affair better described psychologically. No actual recriminations, but a subtle method of hurting by being herself hurt. Increasing her own suffering so that she could make David suffer more on her account. A withdrawal of herself at every opportunity so that her husband might feel more and more that he had become a stranger not only to her, but to his son and step-daughter, who shared the home. And, the subtlest touch of all, having achieved a sullen resignation, her hatred of Mary kindles brighter than ever when she realises that the girl has got tired of David and begun an affair with Adam Swinford, his friend.

A curious situation, but a common one—if the truth were told. Lydia had at last managed to kill her love for David, and yet here she was left with an unloved David still on her hands—his presence to taunt her with the dream she had lost. The characters of Swinford, Lily Elver, the girl he

(Continued on page 310.)



LENNOX KERR, AUTHOR OF
"THE EAGER YEARS"

This thrilling autobiography, which tells of submarine hunting and mine-sweeping by a man who has been and still is at the game—for he is in a mine-sweeper in this present war—has just been published by Collins. Lennox Kerr started his career as a butcher's apprentice in Paisley, and even before this present book had won his literary spurs as the author of the Glenshiels novels. He is married to a daughter of Lamorna Birch, the famous Academician



J. Dixon-Scott, F.R.P.S.

SPRING TIME IN DEVON, NEAR CHILLINGTON

*In spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding ;
Sweet lovers love the spring.*

*Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino :
These pretty country folk would lie.*

*And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho and a hey nonino,
For love is crowned with the prime.*

—“ AS YOU LIKE IT.”

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

makes his mistress without having the slightest love for her, except as a kind of physical purge; Edith Camshaw, Lily's "Lesbian" friend—these are also drawn most convincingly. Moreover, the story is exciting, and the excitement is cumulative—ending in a murder, the perpetrator of which will come more as a surprise to the reader than in many a thriller, wherein surprise is the only element which gives interest to that kind of story.

Thoughts from "A Man of Forty."

"Marriage, in the beginning, is a tacit agreement (the rest is not tacit, but that is) to say or to think You are marvellous. It is a mutual bolstering-up of two egos. But it can't be kept going like that: for everyday living-together the assumption is too absolute."

"Marriage is not merely the effect of a cause, is not a static situation: it is a cumulative thing, a daily interchange of being."

"Tell a woman you love her, and if she's interested she'll hardly wait to be kissed before asking what you are going to do about it."

A Perfect Remedy for Black-out Blues.

Yes, and every other kind of blues—blues, I take it, being depressions without fever. The remedy is Miss E. M. Delafield's "The Provincial Lady in Wartime" (Macmillan; 7s. 6d.). I can see it selling in its hundreds of thousands simply because it is the relation of general experience, especially the experience of those women, not young but still undaunted, who throw themselves into the fray of "Saving the Country" and find they are only being asked to join that apparently limitless queue who are standing by! We begin with evacuees to be welcomed by the Provincial Lady in her Devonshire home. They are to be five boys from Hoxton and they will arrive at 11 p.m. Just before, there is a telephone message to say that they will not arrive before midnight and that the boys have turned into girls and a teacher.

At midnight another telephone message announces that they won't be there until something a.m. and they have now turned into two mothers and three children under five. Eventually they don't arrive at all, because the Hoxton group has found itself in a remote moorland village which didn't in the least expect it. However, their rooms are taken by Aunt Blanche from London, who flees almost in the middle of the night, not because she is afraid of air raids—oh, dear me, no!—but because in time of war families should be together. However, Aunt Blanche does solve a problem, because she allows the Provincial Lady to leave home with a cosy conscience and lay her gift of writing and lecturing on the altar of patriotism, preferably and reasonably at the feet of the Ministry of Information. Rightly so.

Consequently, she finds herself being extremely lucky by getting a job in a canteen, deep down among those vaults beneath the Strand where thousands of women stand-by on

the alert to save London in case of air raids. The description of this hive of illustrious Stand-By is one of the funniest things I have read for a long time—so funny because so absolutely true. One knows all the types so well: one met them over twenty years ago. The Hitlerish Commandant, whose fever for work might presuppose that she was running the war off her own bat; accompanied by the usual friend who calls her "darling" and is always urging food upon her, appearing to have no other duties than to stand-by and echo her chief's rudeness to subordinates. Again the earnest elderly woman whose legs are always bad, the youthful lorry-driver who in her excitement at a mock air raid barges her lorry into the "Gentlemen." And above all, you must meet Mrs. Winter-Gammon, whom the younger women refer to as "Granny Bo-Peep." Mrs. W.-G. was the

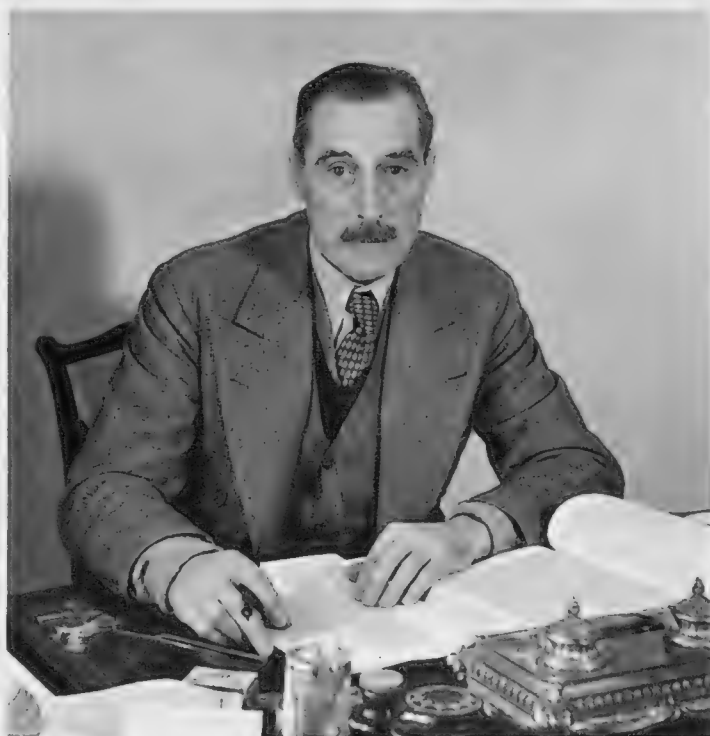
pet of the canteen in the last war. She is sixty-five and untiringly kittenish. Although she is scraggy and be-trousered, as befits a would-be lorry-driver deprived by her short legs of her lorry, she is still so gay and girl-ish that the men crowd around her—entertainment in the vaults being otherwise somewhat scanty. Which, of course, makes the other women loathe her more than ever.

But Granny Bo-Peep, remembering her success with Lord Kitchener and Lord French and all the boys in the last war, is determined to enact Mr. Priestley's "We Have Been Here Before" without having to die to do it. She is a scream of the loudest laughter. And almost everybody one has met since the present war began one meets again in this joyous narrative—their type, their views, their reactions, their absurdity, and yet their ability to demand our admiration. The things they say, the things they do, the things they believe. The Provincial Lady's unsuccessful attempt to storm the Ministry of Information is so funny that at times I could not go on reading for wiping away my tears. In fact, the Provincial Lady has never appeared to greater advantage, nor surely ever

proved more welcome. She was always the tonic of laughter; but now she has become a necessity in every blacked-out home.

A Get-Thrills-Quick Story.

If you be one of those, however, who can quickest escape reality by swimming in imaginary blood and excitement, I can recommend "All Concerned Notified" (Heinemann; 8s. 3d.), by Helen Reilly. It is as full of action as a riot. The police are all over the place, energetic but, of course, not resourceful enough to bring the story to a premature conclusion. No fewer than three murders are committed, while violent attacks upon individuals fill in the gaps. The background is a house, surrounded by woods, and yet within easy distance of New York! The characters are all vigorously drawn and the action is kept moving unusually well. So if thrills be your cup of tea, here is a really good, strong, refreshing brew.



SIR NEVILLE HENDERSON, P.C., G.C.M.G., WHO HAS A BOOK IN PICKLE FOR HITLER

Our ex-Ambassador to Germany is writing his experiences of his two years with Hitler. He says: "This is the people's war and it is only right that the people themselves should be told the whole truth," and let us hope that when this book makes its appearance it will also get into the hands of the German people. Sir Neville Henderson's final despatch, in which he told us of his last interview with the uncouth Ribbentrop and with Hitler and told them quite definitely that we were not bluffing, made good reading. This book will, no doubt, be even more revealing and will be eagerly awaited

SERVICE UNITS—No. 22



THE C.O. AND OFFICERS OF AN R.A.F. UNIT—BY "MEL"

The work upon which this unit, push, or bunch is engaged is so hush-hush that it cannot even be hinted at. Regulations, however, do permit mention of the fact that it is doing something more than training future table-tennis champs. and teaching ex-M.F.H.s the Tod Sloan seat. The C.O., Group Captain the Hon. Laurence Fiennes, is the younger brother of Lord Saye and Sele, and was Air Attaché at Washington from 1930 to 1934 and served with much distinction throughout the first German war



LONDON HOSPITAL RUGGER XV.

The team which narrowly beat King's College Hospital (see opposite page) in their recent encounter at Dog Kennel Hill. The only try of the match was scored by R. K. I. Kennedy, the London wing three-quarter, just before time

In the picture are: (l. to r., back row) M. S. Ross, D. J. Watt, R. K. I. Kennedy, G. D. Barnes, P. B. Longden, J. M. W. Sedgwick; (seated) R. I. Williams, C. B. Willey, B. H. D. Robinson, D. H. Manson-Bahr (captain), R. C. Percival, J. M. K. Marsh, L. J. Page; (on ground) H. V. Jones, H. G. Whitworth

Crisp

THE General Instruction circulated to all ranks of this paper being that this particular issue of *The Tatler* is to be labelled a Spring Number, all diligent members of this staff are naturally impelled to produce something appropriate to that time when the sap is supposed to be rising in the bark. Speaking personally, and with some slight experience, I suggest that a very good piece of advice to anyone who may find (as many have found) that feeling coming over him, is to make a holocaust of all correspondence he may have had with the opposite sex, in the hope (admittedly frail) that his opposite number may have been so prudent and kind as to do the same. In my salad days when I was green in judgment, young in blood, a grizzled veteran who was the reincarnation of Brigadier Gerard gave me this very sage advice. He

one Captain who, the moment he was viewed, caused all respectable females within visual range to scuttle in screams. The others just giggled and waited for him to open his first gambit—which, of course, they knew backwards. There was only one occasion upon which, so far as I know (I having been one of his buddies), he nearly came it. It was this way. He had been permitting a thrilling wench called "Giggles" (all teeth, hair and heartiness) to give his ponies sore backs. One night at a ball-dance he was a bit overcome—in fact, quite definitely what you would call "the wuss." Next morning when he came out of that comatose condition which the happenings of the night before had induced, he got a letter or *chit* per red-uniformed *chuprassi* (or messenger) from "Giggles's"

mother hailing him as her future son-in-law and calling him "Darling James." This was a very definite shock, because he had never meant anything even remotely like that, and, in fact, had only indulged in a little increased measure of affability and *bonhomie*. He was rather on the spot, as "Giggles's" father was a bug and also a blade in the civil administration and had rather a special down on any vagaries by the brutal and licentious soldiery. He was quite able and apt to blast James's military career. So the Captain thought out a

Pictures in the Fire

had been through it and had had some of his letters read most unsympathetically by an extremely nasty barrister in open court. What he said to me in essence was "*à toi les beaux jours*," and let any damn fool have the rest. This I knew was very good counsel, but naturally I did exactly as you did. The rest of that quotation is "*à moi les amours*." Most foolish, of course—but then, if boys aren't boys, what in the name of Halifax are they ever likely to be?

* * *

In one particular spot of the world with which at one time I was closely acquainted—to wit, Simla—the advent of a person known as the "Spring Captain" was regarded by watchful dowagers with (a) avidity, (b) apprehension, and by grass widowers sweltering in the Cities of the Plain with panic. There was



CHEZ QUAGLINO

Sir Robert and Lady Renwick taking the floor last week. Lady Renwick is the former Miss Dorothy Parkes, and Sir Robert is the "boss" of London's electricity supply



BARRY NEAME, MINE HOST OF THE HIND'S HEAD HOTEL, GIVES A LUNCHEON TO C. B. COCHRAN

The genial host gave this entertainment to congratulate "C. B." on the big success of *Lights Up!* On the left are Mr. Israel Sieff, who is a great connoisseur of vintage clarets, and Mrs. C. B. Cochran, and on the speaker's other side, Miss Phyllis Stanley



Holloway

H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER AT NORTHAMPTON

H.R.H. was accompanied by Lord Spencer (seen on the right) when she paid this visit to the Red Cross workers centre in Northampton. The others in the picture with H.R.H. are (l. to r.) Miss Bridget Lowther, daughter of Colonel and the Hon. Mrs. J. G. Lowther; Miss Dorothy Gaze, daughter of Brig.-General Gaze; and Lady Anne Spencer

By "SABRETACHE"



AT "LA POPOTE DU RITZ"

The Marquess of Granby, son and heir of the Duke of Rutland, dancing with Miss Bodley in the protected area of the famous London hotel, which was originally christened "l'Abri du Ritz"—for a special and obvious reason

man." The main deterrent to such an end would have been his villainous "hands." The lack of possession of these is inevitable in anyone with an insecure and vulgar seat. Further, like all bullies, Hitler is

counter-attack. He deputed the Officer commanding C Squadron of his regiment, who was also on leave, to go off post-haste into a place called Chota Simla and pitch a tale about how he (James) had been bitten by a mad monkey from Jakko (a well-known Simla hillock) ten days previously and had just developed the most appalling symptoms. O.C. C said that J. had started scrabbling for bones in the mess compound, sat up and begged at the least or at no provocation, and that they had the greatest difficulty in getting him past any adjacent trees or lamp-posts. Speaking purely from memory—even though intimately concerned—I do not believe it worked very well. Anyhow, all you whom the Spring still continues to affect—watch out!

If the Misleader of Germany had ever taken on equitation he would never have made up into that admirable thing called a "horse-



KING'S COLLEGE HOSPITAL XV.

This side, which had the bad luck to lose R. O. Wheeler from the scrum with a rib injury in the first half, lost to London Hospital (see opposite page) by the narrow margin of 0-3 in their match on February 24

Names: (l. to r., back row) J. N. Dollar (referee), J. Hawkes, E. J. Harrison, H. R. Jones, R. Dunstan, R. A. Palmer, F. A. Milne, M. Elias (touch-judge); (seated) J. P. Childs, T. G. Filbee, R. O. Wheeler, G. T. E. Jenkins (captain), A. W. Kennett, F. A. Binks, A. B. Kinnier-Wilson; (on ground) J. McNeil, J. Haig

a coward and of that rotten brand which is ever ready to hit anything that cannot hit back—Czechs, Austrians, Poles. We know now that when he was a corporal in a Bavarian regiment he never sought the bubble reputation in the cannon's mouth, though at one time, in our stupid generosity, we were ready to believe that he did so. The main matter of interest at the moment is that there are quite unmistakable signs that his nerve is going. We notice, for instance, that everyone is wrong excepting himself. Do we not know that man who can never get along with any horse? If it isn't the horse it is his boots or his breeches or his hat or his coat or the length of his leathers or the wrong saddle, or anything else but the real thing—himself. Hitler is getting like that, and his little mongrel of a Press agent, who might steady his jangling nerves if he had the nous, is making him worse by pouring out those yards and yards of complete drivell

(Continued on page XIV)



SCOTTISH WEDDING OF LADY MORTON'S GRANDSON

A photograph of the bridal party taken after the wedding, which took place recently at St. Mary's Episcopal Church, Dalmahoy, Midlothian, of Mr. Patrick Sholto Douglas, The Black Watch, second son of the Hon. Roderick and Mrs. Douglas, of Dalmahoy, and Miss Maude Carol Hermione Orr, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Orr, of Kilduff House, Drem, East Lothian. Mr. Douglas is a grandson of the Countess of Morton



AT THE OXFORD UNION PRESIDENTIAL DEBATE

The President of the Union, Mr. R. N. Seligman, who is up at Balliol, is on the left of the picture, and after him the names read: Mr. Arthur Greenwood, M.P., the Marquess of Londonderry and Mr. J. R. J. Kerruish, who is the ex-Librarian and ex-President of the Oxford University Carlton Club. It is said to have been an occasion for the most remarkable gathering that has been assembled in Oxford's "House of Parliament" for some time past

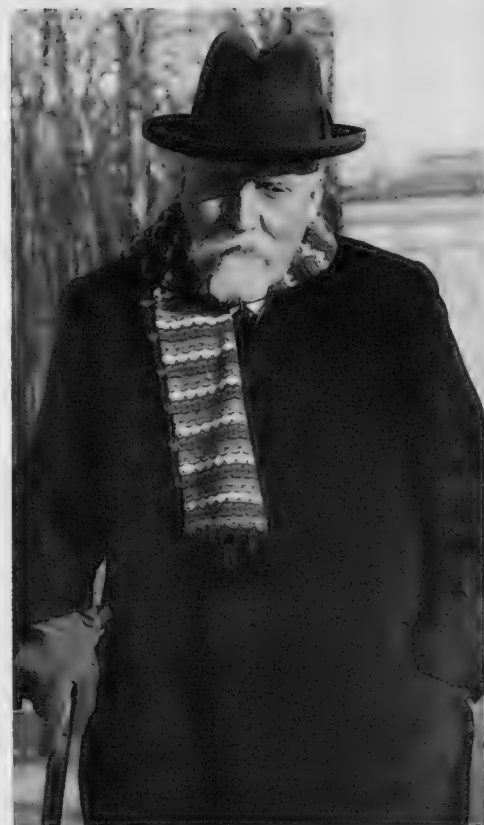
WHITE RUSSIA WAITS FOR "THE DAY"—IN PARIS



EX-PREFECT GENERAL KNIAGEWITSCH
OF ODESSA



THE PRINCESS ROMANOVSKY KRASINSKY
AND HER BALLET SCHOOL



GENERAL POSTOWSKY DREAMS
OF THE PAST



GENERAL VLADIMIR LEVKOWITSCH,
FORMERLY IMPERIAL RUSSIAN ARTILLERY

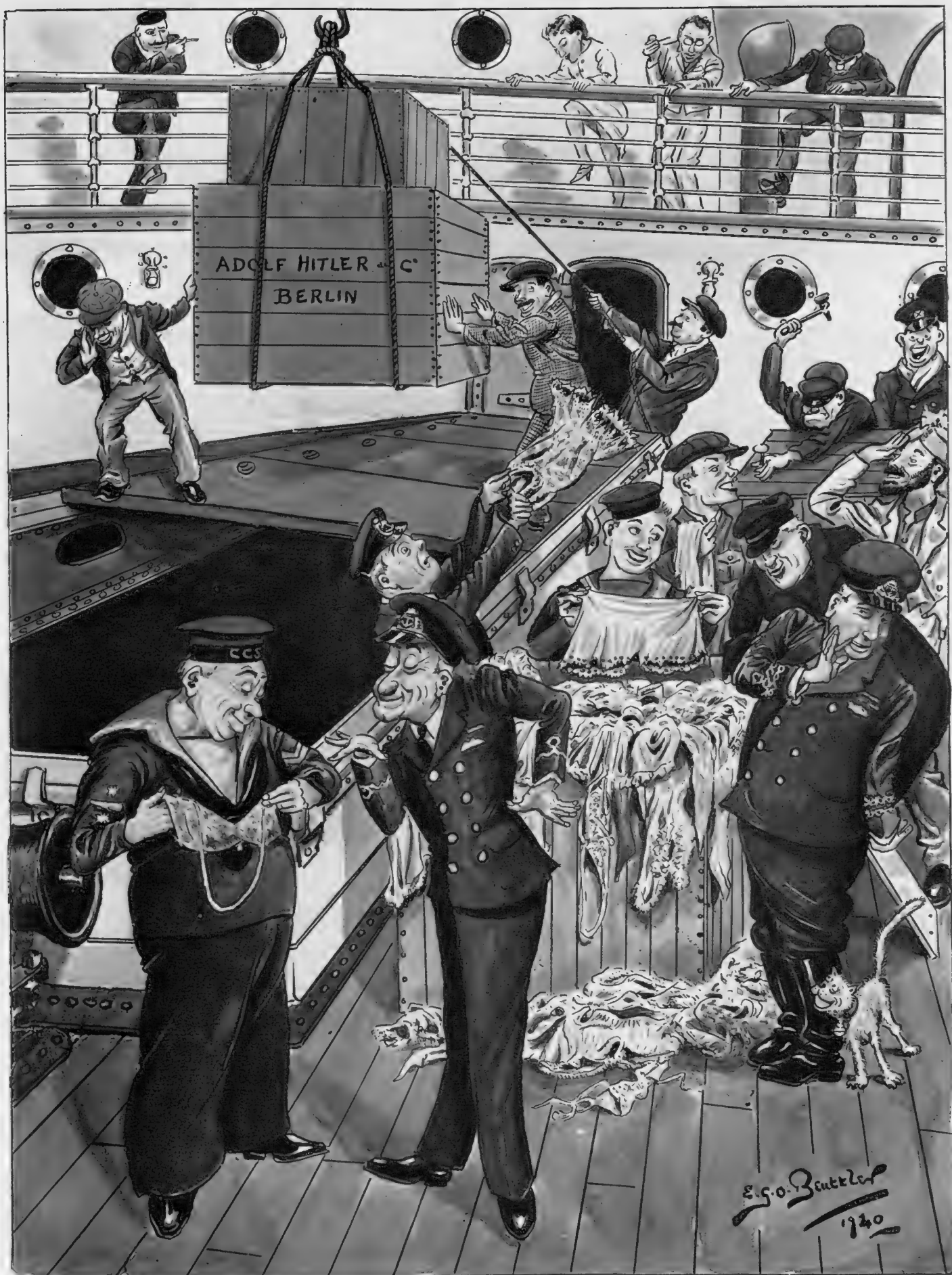


GENERAL OFROSSIMOFF, LATE IMPERIAL
LIFE GUARDS CAVALRY



H.R.H. PRINCE ALEXANDER ROMANOVSKY,
NEPHEW OF THE MURDERED TSAR

At a time when Finland is being ruthlessly attacked by the "Red Tsar," Josef Stalin, and we read of brutalities which rival even the worst that have been recorded from Germany, now Communist Russia's bosom friend, there is a tendency to forget that there are still left some people called White Russians, *émigrés* from the terror which was initiated by the wholesale murder of the Imperial Family. These White Russians, most of whom have suffered, and still suffer, privations, wait for The Day when the blood-red régime shall come to its appointed end. An outstanding and gallant figure in this collection is the Princess Romanovsky Krasinsky, wife of the Grand Duke André of Russia, heir to the Russian throne, who started a ballet school in Paris to keep herself and her husband from starvation. As Kscheschinska, the Princess was the first dancer of the Imperial Opera House in Petersburg. Another notable and gallant figure is Prince Alexander Romanovsky, Duke of Leichtenberg, who is now manager of a Russian restaurant in Paris. General Ofrossimoff used to command a brigade of the Imperial Life Guards Cavalry. "To-day," as he has pathetically remarked, "there are only chickens!" General Postowsky has three campaigns to his credit. He is now in an old-age home for Russians in Paris, and so is the former Prefect General Kniagewitsch. He is too old to work. All that General Vladimir Levkowsky managed to save from the Red Revolution were his medals



CONTRABAND CONTROL EMBARRASMENTS

By WING-COMMANDER E. G. OAKLEY-BEUTTLER

Triumph of Spring

By
Michael Arsen



NOW it is quite a while since a ghost last walked through Lansdowne Passage and a nightingale last sang in Berkeley Square, and it is highly improbable that such queer things will happen there again, since phantoms and nightingales are averse to new buildings and abominate central heating. But that is not to say that no charming people still live in those parts, nor that mysterious events do not still happen to them from time to time.

And so we come to the story of Miss Carmelita Douglas, which is told in London as a warning and an example to young ladies of fashion.

One fine spring morning a young lady was walking down Hay Hill, which is a steep street in such a frantic hurry to reach Berkeley Square at all costs that it is stopped by a policeman, as a danger to the public, at Berkeley Street. But since this is not a geography lesson let us watch this young lady as she strides down Hay Hill and turns into Berkeley Street with her enchanting nose set fair and firm for Piccadilly.

She is wearing a navy blue tailor-made with a short trim check jacket cut with loving severity, as tailor-mades should be, by a Frenchman who, haunted by nightmares of the stout middle-aged women for whom he must work, had lavished all his despairing art on the long and cool and slender figure of Carmelita Douglas. Mention should also be made of her red hat, and though of most red hats on most women the less said the better, this rakish red hat had a charming and dangerous air, for it was worn as a cavalier might wear it who would give nothing away with one profile and dare all the world with the other. While as for her beauty, what more need be said than that her black hair was alive like black silver, that her eyes were alive like anything dark blue you care to imagine, and that she looked exactly as a girl of maybe twenty called Carmelita Douglas should, by the grace of God and be damned to Germany, look on a fine spring morning?

And so, pausing only to open her red bag to give some coppers to a street musician, she walked with a preoccupied air past the shining motor-cars that lend such an old-world charm to the windows of Berkeley Street in wartime, to the corner of Piccadilly where the Berkeley Hotel, staring sulkily over the tops of thundering buses at the formidable bulk of the Ritz, seems to wonder what the silly little creatures crawling about between them will do next to make life uncomfortable all round.

As Miss Douglas was about to cross her name was called by the Hon. Mrs. Stopp-Tylarx, who is (of course) one of the hideously rich New York Stopps who married one of the repulsively rich Leicestershire Tylarx, and who cares anyway? Mrs. Stopp-Tylarx was a courageously withered woman of between thirty and seventy-two with more teeth than could really be good for her, so that she was frequently photographed as a well-known beauty, and her expensive figure was so flat, shapeless and knock-kneed that she had for long enjoyed the reputation of being one of the ten best-dressed women in the world, excluding (of course) Siam, Labrador, and the Solomon Islands.

"Why, Carmelita!" she cried, for the Stopp-Tylarx of this world have long since lost the power of speech and can now only utter impassioned cries of delight or despair, "How lovely and springlike you look, dear Carmelita! Now mind you don't forget you are lunching with me to-day, but of

course you won't, how *could* you, since it is in honour of your engagement to dear Pongo, who is, mind you, the *luckiest* . . ."

As the red lights came on Carmelita, knowing that Mrs. Stopp-Tylarx never knew at any given moment to whom she was talking, left her flashing her teeth at an astonished and disgusted stranger and darted across the road slantwise towards the Green Park. For she had much on her mind this fine spring morning, and being a healthy girl she liked to walk while thinking. Her thoughts were on grave matters, for she was thinking of herself, and when you are a girl of twenty that is a very grave matter indeed.

She had "come out" two years or so before. She had been hailed as the most enchanting débutante of her time, and impassioned speeches are to this day made in men's clubs, where beauty is only too seldom treated with becoming chivalry, about her poise, gaiety and loveliness. The word "glamour," once rare and free but now soiled and imprisoned by Hollywood's idiot-mind, which cannot describe but must murder description, escaped from its sordid Reno prison just long enough to give a blessing to its true daughter Carmelita Douglas. And so she came into the great world with the grace of a flying bird, and her lovely flight across their dreams was watched by a multitude of desperate young men, until in due course one daring youth sent a smile to pierce her flying heart so that she came down to earth in a flurry, to find herself secretly engaged to Mr. Antony Wimpole of his Majesty's Foot Guards.

Now all that is no doubt very pretty, and it is no doubt very nice for young men to spin dreams around beauty, but when we come to face the facts about Carmelita we do not find any flying birds but we do find some very calculating thoughts of a financial nature. Thus we see her on this fine spring morning walking down Piccadilly and telling herself that she was right indeed to have broken her secret engagement to Tony, for what did he have for all his gay charm and steadfast heart but a few hundreds a year? Whereas Pongo, dreary old Pongo, to whom she was now officially engaged, was a bit mouldy, it was true, but how rich, how adoring, how generous, and in short how practical! It surely need not be pointed out to readers of a fashionable journal that the name Pongo affectionately conceals the stout and wealthy figure of that famous cricketer and boulder John Claud Vanbrugh de ffoxes Spitt-Adam, eighth Earl of Avanak & Egor.

So Carmelita walked with her practical thoughts down the sulky side of Piccadilly, and listened with half an ear and glanced with half an eye at the spring making hay while the sun shone into the tranquil valley of the Green Park. Mercy, she thought, what a world to be happy in, and what fools men are! Dear me, she thought, it is certainly true that this spring sun, while it is quite a languid affair compared with an Antibes sun, makes me think of Antony rather than of Pongo. Mercy, she thought, and what on *earth* is this?

For a voice had said beside her: "Carmelita Douglas! How are you, Carmelita?"

Her glance was, according to the best classical tradition, cold but collected. "Aren't you perhaps mistaking me for somebody else?"

The young man, her cold glance told her, had a snub nose and a sandy sort of freckled face and cheeky sort of kind eyes.

"Think again, Carmelita. Or will I have to duck you in the nearest pond?"

Staring with widely opened eyes, she stopped dead, and childhood's laughter joined them together beside the railings of the Green Park.

"It's Boy! Boy Carteret! Oh, what a start you gave me, Boy!"

"Not Boy no more. The attractive adult you see before you is Pilot-Officer Francis Maurice Carteret—always your servant, dear Carmelita."

Smiling at him shakily, she thought how nice it was that remembered people should so nicely measure up to memory's exactions. For Boy was the same boy she had known that dear summer's holiday, snub-faced and freckled and sandy-haired and cheeky and kind. They walked down Piccadilly.

"Bright of you, Boy, to recognise me after all these years."

"Only seven—seven years since you were thirteen, and now you are ten thousand photographs old! I've watched your career intently, Carmelita, and besides my mother often hears from yours."

"I do think you might have been to see me once. I'm offended, Boy, indeed I am—mercy, I'm truly indignant."

His kind, excited, grey eyes grinned at her. "You and your life of fashion, Carmelita! How would a mechanic like me be daring to shove my overalls under your fine nose?"

"If you have still any of that sandy hair left under his Majesty's Air Force cap, Boy, I'll pull it out. How often I've thought of that dear holiday at that lovely Vicarage near High Wycombe!"

"Do you remember how you loved me, Carmelita? How you worshipped me—remember?"

"Now cross my heart if that is not a very hideous lie! Why, I've never heard of such a thing. Mr. Carteret, you loved me so much, and you fifteen and all, you adored me so much, and you a strapping public-school boy, that for sweet charity's sake I let you love me, as is only right and proper."

"Peace on you, Carmelita, and that's the truth. And now I'll pay you a big compliment, shall I? This is Carteret the Wise speaking, and he says that for all your paint and powder and adoring men you are the very same long legged girl and you have the very same look of a shying mare in your blue eyes and the very same generous heart behind them."

"Boy, if you only knew! Was I really like that? I fear, Carteret the Wise, that you don't know very much about grown women, do you?"

"I do not, indeed. But I do know what my instincts tell me—and have you ever heard, Carmelita, that one can find the truth about people in dreams?"

Oh, this wouldn't do at all. She smiled uneasily at the well-remembered look of enchantment on his nice homely face. And as he lightly touched her elbow she had a queer presentiment that his kindness was going to give her such a hurt as to set her heart rolling in the dust. She wanted to stop him speaking, but she could not, haunted as she was by that dim summer's holiday.

"Shall I tell you a secret, Carmelita? I know more about you than you think—for I've watched you from afar, see, and I've even paid a whole bob to buy a paper just to see how you looked in your fine Ascot clothes—"

"To hell with you, Boy Carteret! Will you stop teasing me?"

"I've leered in the offing, see, and I've said to myself that the Carmelita Douglas girl will come

to no good, she will be one of those spoiled and flighty women who think of nothing but money and clothes, and I've said to myself that she will make a servant of her pretty face, which is a gift from God, to bring her a fine marriage with some rich and idle ninny who will destroy her soul with his stinking jewels and palaces—"

"Boy, stop—please stop!"

"Sweet Carmelita, I think all that, see, and then one day I hear the whisper of a great secret. Then I am very pleased indeed, for this whisper tells me that Carmelita is unchanged and unspoiled and that her heart beats like a human being's and not a painted doll's, for whom has she chosen from all her fine adorers but an honest young man with his way to make as a soldier? Did you know I was at school with young Tony Wimpole? He is the very nicest lad in the world bar none, Carmelita, so here and now I give you both full marks for your choice of each other, and a poor man's blessing."

"But, Boy, have you not seen Tony since the war?"

"Lord love you, my job is up in Scotland, and my pockets are not lined with gold for London. Christmas, it's on half-past one! Good-bye now, Carmelita. Think of all the poor ugly people in the world and then of yourself and how lucky you are and the blessings you have, and you will make a wonderful wife for a good lad like Tony. Here's my bus—good-bye, Carmelita."

In the taxi to her luncheon-party, she smiled wryly. Boy had never grown up, and that was the truth of it. A nice world it would be, if nobody ever grew up. As she paid off her taxi she decided to put his disturbing and so mistaken kindness right out of her mind, for she must be at her best at luncheon. There were a number of people there, including her own mother, and Carmelita behaved with that remote detachment with which young Englishwomen infuriate foreigners and enslave their own countrymen. Pongo was there, naturally, a coarse and adoring figure on his very best behaviour. She was kind to him. She arranged to dine with him.

In the car going home, her mother said: "You are a little pale, Carmelita. Is anything the matter?"

"Nothing, Mummy. A slight headache."

"You are too thoughtful for your years these days, child. If you are unhappy, you know, I shan't quarrel with you for changing your mind."

"Oh, Mummy dear, please do leave me alone. There's nothing at all to change my mind about. Just imagine what happened to me this morning—after all these years I suddenly saw Boy Carteret!"

"You must have been mistaken, dear."

"But I wasn't! I—"

"You were, child, and quite understandably, for poor Boy had a very ordinary face. I didn't tell you at the time, for it's so very long since you saw him, but his poor mother wrote me to say he had died of peritonitis a week after the war—just when he had been accepted for the Air Force, poor boy. He always adored you, his mother said. I think you had better lie down, Carmelita, for you are quite pale. The spring sometimes is—"

"Queer," said Carmelita unsteadily. "It's queer—yes, it is. Will you please see I'm not disturbed, Mummy? You know how stupid I am about letters, and I've got two I simply must write at once."

"Two?" said Mrs. Douglas, and then blamed herself for her stupidity, for she saw that Carmelita was doing her utmost to bite back a storm of tears.

"Two very difficult letters," Carmelita said severely, and then turned and fled up the stairs like a girl pursued by a freckled phantom.



J. Dixon-Scott, F.R.P.S.

"WHEN SPRING UNLOCKS THE FLOWERS
TO PAINT THE LAUGHING SOIL"

—Reginald Heber

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN



These three most attractive portrait studies of her Majesty were taken in the garden, with a background of hydrangeas, lilies and roses, a fitting frame for so fair a picture. The tribulations of the subjects of this Realm have been a golden key to the appeal to their affections than the Queen's recent message to all. In the face of war, have had to submit to temporary separation from the Queen, for it has been found undesirable during the first six months of the war to place in any place which at any moment may be a danger zone. So far, the Queen's example has been a fine one, but what the future, immediate or more remote, may hold no one can say. In such circumstances such as these that her Majesty's fine example has had, and will

THREE RECENT PORTRAITS



Photos: Cecil Beaton



taken quite recently, the centre one against a background of
are. Her Majesty's unremitting solicitude for the trials and
key to their hearts, and probably nothing has made a closer
the other mothers of Britain who, by the unhappy circum-
their children. The Queen spoke as a woman fellow-sufferer,
of this upheaval that the two young Princesses should be in
; luckily, the capital and other big cities have escaped attack,
one dare predict with any kind of confidence. It is in circum-
will continue to have, such a tonic effect. God bless the Queen!

"THE LIGHT OF HEART"

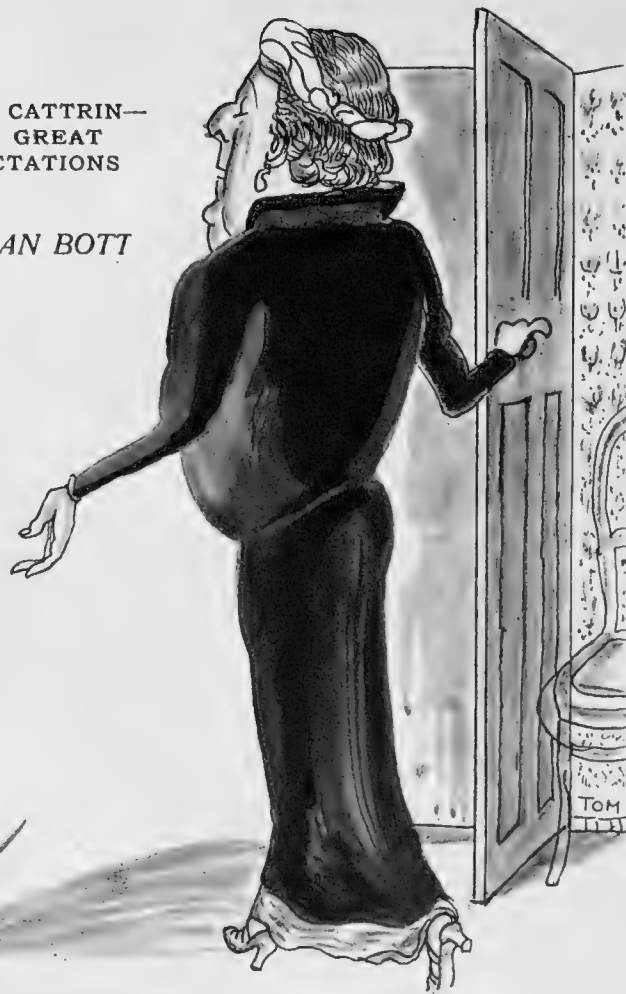
APOLLO
THEATRE

LITTLE CATTRIN—
AND GREAT
EXPECTATIONS

By ALAN BOTT



GODFREY TEARLE



ELLIOT MASON

YOU can be fairly sure that a drama will be a thumping success when the wise men of criticism complain, between the lines of praise, that its people reek too much of Dickens and too little of Ibsen. Fortune has long waited in the wings for anybody who can present characters of Dickensian size and fit them with to-day's idiom. They will be a bit larger, or odder, or more pitiful than life, and they will do some improbable things. But they will have warmth; they will make you laugh or want to gulp, as intended. You are likely to remember them. All this can redeem a lot of sentiment, whether disguised or naked.

Mr. Emlyn Williams has invented such people for *The Light of Heart*, and given them situations to match. Ask what his play at the Apollo is about, and you are liable to hear that it is about a once-famous actor who lived in a garret with his crippled daughter, and drank so much that he couldn't keep even a job as Father Christmas at Selfridge's; who reformed on being given another chance in the theatre, was about to triumph as King Lear, but got hopelessly drunk on his own first-night because the loving daughter planned to leave him for a young man; and who then took a far, far better dive into the gutter, rather than ruin the lame daughter's last chance of happiness. That is true as a bald summary, untrue in what it suggests.

It is fair enough to justify the comparisons made between Little Dorrit and little Nell on the one hand, and on

the other, Mr. Williams's brave little Cattrin. It is not fair if it implies that the play is mawkish, or that the daughter is little Nell or Little Dorrit disguised in modern dress and a surgical boot. For that, *The Light of Heart* is too discreet in its sentiment; and Cattrin, as beautifully played by Miss Angela Baddeley, is much too intelligent. As for Henrik Ibsen, to drag in a comparison (as has been done) with his Hedvig in *The Wild Duck*, who yearned so desperately to fulfil herself, seems to be beside any point that matters. Not one in five hundred members of an audience will be reminded of Uncle Henrik's heroine by Mr. Williams's—unless they happen to recall that Miss Baddeley once played Hedvig as beautifully.

Mr. Williams, meanwhile, is his own producer, and has seen to it that if these are characters in a plot that would have pleased yesterday's actor-managers, they shall not slop over when inviting your sympathy. The beloved vagabond and the lame girl in a shoddy Bohemia are brimful of pathos, and so is the drunkard's downfall when he has all but touched grandeur. What could be made more lachrymose than the spectacle of a weak, charming father being forgiven by his purposeful, charming daughter, and cajoled into concocting a book of old Welsh songs to pay the rent of their attic? Or a good-looking cripple confessing that she longs for babies, but since she can't have them—well, that's that, and life is still a cheerful thing? Or the father, fallen irretrievably from grace and about to be deserted, poaching an egg for the daughter and describing her mother who died in childbirth? Or the daughter, when she has realised that without her the old boy will be utterly lost, telling her lover that



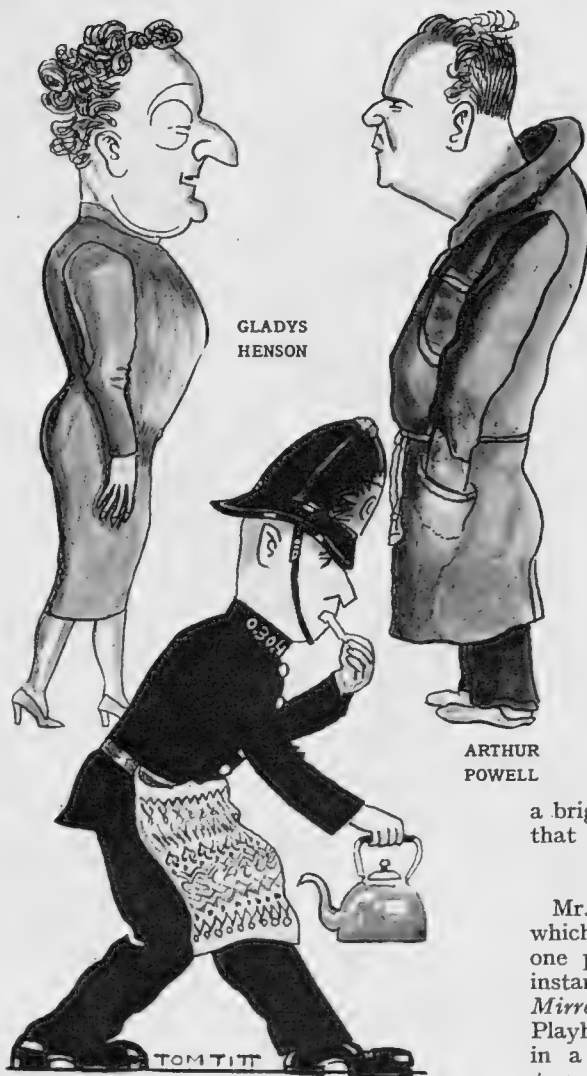
MEGS JENKINS

her heaven of marriage must be denied in favour of a helpless, hopeless future? Yet none of these incidents in the play demands synthetic tears: the pathos is firm but unobtrusive.

Mr. Williams, as author, has his formula for working up an audience into the right mood for a scene that will grip 'em. First he puts you in good humour by making you laugh, with unforced comedy from the minor characters. Then he insinuates acute or tender feeling for the major characters. Then, when you are properly tuned up, he plants the emotional moment. And Mr. Williams, as producer, sees to it that the moment is well ordered: no slush by request, and no smashing of emotion's crockery, except by natural hysterics. I cannot guess how far he is responsible for Mr. Godfrey Tearle's deliberate under-playing of the grand old disgraced actor, who, if he ranted, might sink into bathos and self-pity. In the result Mr. Tearle gives a potent rendering, with warmth and variety on the surface, beneath which tragedy flows in a disciplined stream. His performance blends good Jekyll with authentic Hyde. And if Mr. Tearle warms the tale, Miss Angela Baddeley seems to light up the theatre. Fortitude, tenderness, common sense, gaiety, all these she puts over, not so much by acting them as by implying that they are unconquerably there. The English are prone to shrink from deformity, but when her Cattrin limps lightly across the stage, there seems no question of it: here is a young woman to whom physical hardship means nothing at all. But when, with her hands on the shoulders of the sodden father, she recognises that there is no more hope for him, you can hear misfortune's heart-beat.

These are rich rôles for players able to carry them. Mr. Anthony Ireland is rather less fortunate; but he brings patent sincerity to the song-writer, ex-gigolo, especially in a love-scene that is written with grace and tact. The extras in the lodging-house (which obtains pungent flavour from the set designed by Mr. Michael Weight) are wonderfully well invented, and amusingly acted: a pleasant slut by Miss Megs Jenkins, Miss Gladys Henson's chatty landlady, Mr. Arthur Powell's button-eyed wastrel, the so-Welsh constable by Mr. Edward Rees. Miss Elliot Mason, always as dependable as the Navy, is gorgeous as a middle-aged gallery-girl who persists in angry hero-worship.

I will now, having unnecessarily defended a famous playwright against critics who have done him proud, emit some carping of my own. There is a lot to swallow in the

GLADYS
HENSONARTHUR
POWELL

EDWARD REES

drama, but one thing only stuck in my throat: that this particular girl, on being asked to marry, should at once agree to leave the weak father who entirely depends on her. It would have gone down better had she shown herself to be so englamoured that nothing but the new prospect was visible. Thereafter, something luminous was needed to put this disbelief in the shade; but the second Act wound up with a grey and darkened stage for Mr. Tearle's nerve-storm. Later, the one faint shadow of bathos appears at the end of the play: it is cast, I believe, by the father's demand for the prayer-book he had as a little chap. And the ending might have struck a nobler note if he had spoken a word of concern for the daughter for whom he was giving up life. Finally, having admired and enjoyed *The Light of Heart*, I still prefer the same author's *The Corn is Green*, because of its greater integrity.

In face of the many brilliant flashes in these current plays, I who am morbid in disliking boss-words will apply to Mr. Williams one which I have used only twice in two decades, when scribbling notes about the theatre. He has at least a streak of genius, real and unmistakable. It may swell into a bright searchlight during the half-dozen years that remain to him of his thirties.—A. B.

Mr. J. B. Priestley's fecundity as a playwright, which has often led to his having more than one play running at the same time, is again instanced by the fact that as well as *The Long Mirror*, which had its première at the Oxford Playhouse last week, with Jean Forbes-Robertson in a leading rôle, he has recently completed two other plays, *Bull Market*, a comedy, and *Ever Since Paradise*, an experimental piece.



ANGELA BADDELEY

ANTHONY IRELAND



Star Presse

MONIQUE ROLLAND—FILM AND STAGE LOVELY

The young Parisian film actress has just been making a stage appearance in the revival of that success of the times of the First German war, *As You Were*

HAVING obtained what we clamoured for, *Tres Chère*, we no longer desire it. Now that the cafés, theatres and cabarets are permitted to remain open till midnight, we prefer nothing better than to go to bed early. At eleven o'clock we begin to fidget at the theatre, yawn in the face of the waiter who has been surreptitiously stacking unoccupied chairs on unoccupied tables and, at the cinema, wonder if the main feature will ever end in time for us to see the "Popeye" all over again. It is quite possible, of course, that the reason for this resides in the fact that the *transports en commun* do not see eye to eye with the rest of the world in the matter of ringing the curfew, and the last train has a way of sneaking out on you in a most disconcerting manner. There seems to be a lovely new game played by the "Metro" employees, which consists of fooling the customer into believing that the last train waits at every station as long as the outer gate is open. Don't you believe it, and remember also that few Paris subway stations have lifts. When you have pelted down a couple of steep flights of steps, you may find yourself obliged to climb up 'em again pretty damquickpronto, since, on arriving at the bottom, you will probably have found the wicket bolted, while a shower of sparks at the entrance of the tunnel is all that remains of the train. You hurry upstairs again pursued by the horrid feeling that you might easily find yourself locked in, and if you are timid you try a meek smile on the Gabriel in blue who stands at the gate rattling his keys. The smile

Priscilla in Paris

rarely works, his snarl shows that he is not placated, and you almost pray for an air raid, since most of the "Metro" stations are *abris*, and then he really would have something to snarl about, which would make one rather happy, *n'est-ce pas?*

Come to think of it, one fidgets somewhat less at the theatre than at the music-halls. The Casino, Folies-Bergère, A.B.C., Alcazar, and all other haunts of Frivolous Females, Marcelled Males, and Super-Production start at 8.30, continue as long as Josephine Baker and Maurice Chevalier can be persuaded to give "encores," and show utter disregard as to the hour of the last "Metro," preferring, no doubt, to rely on the milk train! The Nicest Theatres and Very Best Plays begin, on the other hand, as early as 7.0, though most hit the happy medium of 7.30, which is delightful, since one no longer dresses, and can thus amble round to one's favourite coffee-stall for a quick oyster, with pale liquid, afterwards. There are some fine plays to be seen in Paris just now. Henry Bernstein's *Elvire*, at the Ambassadeurs, is, so far, the sensation of the theatrical (war) season, and, in the small matter of the oyster-mit-liquid, there is the Crillon bar just across the street. At the Madeleine, Armand Salacrou's *C'était Histoire de Rire* is a terse little play, all about us wimmin, and I think the author is somewhat prejudiced, since he winds up thusly: "We have the women we deserve," says the hero, "so I'm off to a desert island to wait for the next generation to grow up!" Salacrou, like H. B., is one of those lucky playwrights who don't need to make money, and therefore do! Salacrou's papa is a chemist who invented a patent medicine, a certain dope known as "Marie-Rose ou la mort parfumée!", a mixture that destroys lice. It was a humming concern, even in peacetime, and now . . . well, I arskes yer!

At the Montparnasse, Marguerite Jamois has nearly reached her thousandth—but not played consecutively—performance of *Maya*. I have never been able to make up my mind whether it is to the writing, the acting, or the production of this play that its success is due, or whether it is merely the curiosity shown by Nice Women to see how Those Women live. There is a spy play at the Bouffes-Parisiens, *Le Fascicule Noir*, played by Gaby Morlay and Victor Francen, whom you have so often seen on the screen in London, while Pierre Blanchard, whom you probably remember as the doctor in *Carnet de Bal*, has also come back to the stage in *Nous ne sommes pas Mariés*, a modern comedy at the Théâtre de Paris, by Michel Duran, a young author who, when he was dramatic critic to *Marianne*, had nary a kind word to say for his contemporaries.

Now his contemporaries have plenty of words to say about him, and they also are not kind. I think they have been severe. Michel Duran's plot is not worse than bad Sacha Guitry, and his writing is . . . but why hurt anybody's feelings? — besides, Blanchard does not allow us to hear much of the dialogue. He is one of the few great French actors I know who have been definitely spoiled for the stage by the screen.

But perhaps the greatest success of all recent productions goes to M. Claude Spaak's new—and very free—adaptation of *The School for Scandal*, at the Théâtre des Mathurins. A brilliant production, beautifully played and exquisitely dressed, to the credit of "Le Rideau de Paris," a dramatic association under the management of Marcel Herrant and Jean Marchat, to whom Paris owes many interesting performances. From this you will see, *Très Cher*, that, in the theatre world, "Paris is herself again!" PRISCILLA.



MAJOR-GENERAL H.R.H. THE DUKE OF WINDSOR
AND AIR VICE-MARSHAL BLOUNT

A picture taken recently when H.R.H. was visiting the R.A.F. somewhere in the battle zone. The Duke of Windsor has been doing duty as a liaison officer since the outbreak of war. Air Vice-Marshal C. H. B. Blount is A.O.C. an important R.A.F. unit



JANICE LOGAN, STAR OF PARAMOUNT'S
"DR. CYCLOPS"



JOYCE MATHEWS SLIGHTLY OVERWHELMED
BY THE THREE RITZ BROTHERS



JOSEPH M. SCHENCK, ARTURO TOSCANINI, EDWARD G. ROBINSON
AND (BACK TO CAMERA) MME. TOSCANINI

A big feature of the movies' spring offensive in the West End is to be Paramount's *Dr. Cyclops*, a Technicolor film starring charming Janice Logan with Albert Dekker and Thomas Coley, of which the company, taking the hint from the military, are keeping all details strictly secret until it succeeds *Gulliver's Travels*, at the Carlton Theatre. In store are two films with Paulette Goddard, who is to repeat her successful partnership in *The Cat and the Canary* with Bob Hope in a film called *The Ghost Breakers*, and has also been picked by Cecil B. de Mille for a leading rôle in his next epic. The Ritz Brothers were keeping in character when they met Joyce Mathews in Hollywood's popular Trocadero café. Equally popular is the Arrowhead Springs Hotel, at whose recent reopening camera-shy musical genius Arturo Toscanini and Mme. Toscanini were the guests of Edward G. Robinson



PAULETTE GODDARD



Bertram Park

**CONSTANCE HUNGATE, "CAPTAIN" OF THE
AMBASSADOR GIRLS AT GROSVENOR HOUSE**

Constance Hungate, the pretty young London girl, had an adventurous time on the outbreak of war as she was stranded on the Continent in charge of a troupe of a dozen English dancing-girls—and she got them all home safely. She is a fully-trained Red Cross nurse, with nine weeks' war duty to her credit. At other moments she is the C.O. of the Ambassador Girls in the new floor show at Grosvenor House, *Gala at Maxim's*



**EVE KEANE, IN
THE NEW
GROSVENOR
HOUSE
CABARET**

Eve Keane is *Casque d'Or* in *Gala at Maxim's*, the attractive Anglo-French floor show at Grosvenor House, which made good instantaneously from the moment it opened about a week ago

THINGS were going very badly for a certain married man. His business was on its last legs and money was so scarce that he was compelled to sell up his home. The other day he poured his woes into the ears of a friend.

"My wife and I," he wailed, "fight like cats and dogs."

"That's tough," agreed the friend sympathetically.

The husband clenched his teeth.

"And that's not all," he stated grimly. "What makes the whole thing so unbearable is that now I'm living with my in-laws my wife can't even go back to her mother!"

A pedestrian had fallen into a manhole and called for help.

"Dear me," said a man who happened along.

"Have you fallen into that manhole?"

The man below gazed at him with wrath oozing from him.

"Not at all," he replied icily. "As you seem interested, I may say that I just happened to be down here and they built the pavement round me."

A party of British soldiers, billeted in a French village, met a Frenchman who was known to one of them. This soldier stopped, and, desirous of displaying his command of the language, said, very audibly: "Oo ay lee Casino, Monsoo?"

The Frenchman replied with a voluble flow of his native tongue with many gestures. The soldier looked askance. There was a pause, until one of his friends said: "Well, Bill, where is it?"

At which Bill, very red in the face, said: "You 'eard!"

The Highland minister was talking seriously to a member of his flock. "Yes, Jock," he said, "times are very hard for us all. Indeed, one might almost go so far as to say that it is difficult to get the barest necessities of life."

"Indeed it is, sir," replied Jock, incautiously. "It's tenpence for a wee nip."

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

"I ran across old Jones yesterday," remarked the first motorist.

"Really?" replied the second. "How was he looking?"

"He wasn't—that's why I ran across him."

A socially ambitious mother was pointing out the merits of an elderly but rich suitor.

"What?" cried her daughter. "Marry that rich old humbug? Why, I'd die first!"

"Oh, nonsense, my dear!" replied her mother. "He's not so strong as he looks."

"I shay," said the inebriated one, lurching up to a policeman in the black-out.

"What time ish 't?"

"Six o'clock, sir," replied the constable.

"Thanksh. Shay, what day's thish?"

"Friday, sir."

"Thanksh." (*Confidentially*): "What town's thish?"

The air-raid warden was doing his round when he noticed a blaze of light through a half-open door. Looking in, he saw an old lady fondling a cat.

"Lights!" he called.

"Yes, please," the old lady answered. "Three-pennyworth for the cat."

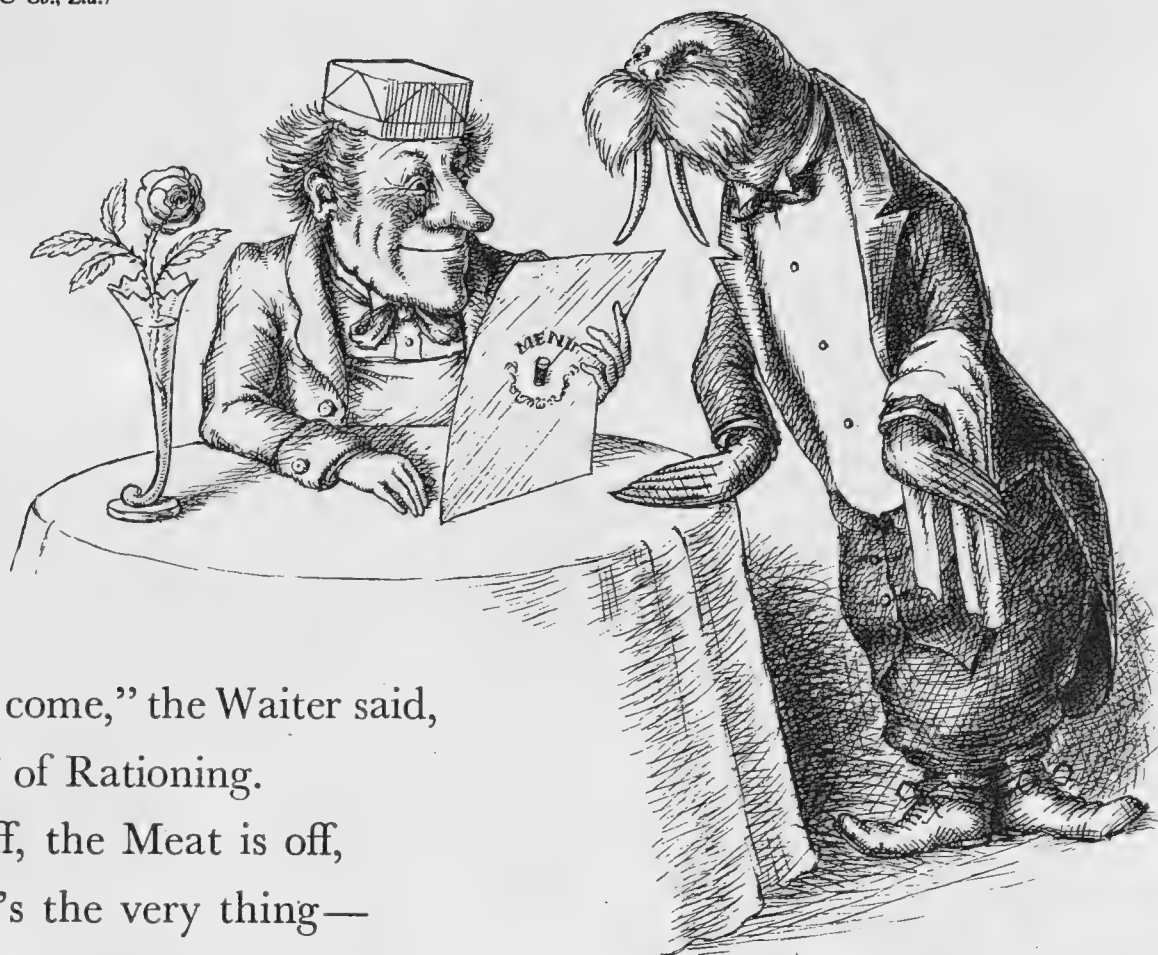


Bertram Park

**SOME MORE "LOVELIES" IN THE NEW GROSVENOR HOUSE
CABARET**

Ian Churchill as Mazeppa, Joan Richards as Réjane, and Jackie Watson as Hortense Schneider, who appear with Eve Keane (see above) in *Gala at Maxim's*, which, as above remarked, is a winner all the way at Grosvenor House. It is all light, pretty, witty and tunesome, and exactly the right kind of mixture for the present mood and a great aid in counteracting boredom and the black-out.

(With acknowledgments to Macmillan & Co., Ltd.)



“The time has come,” the Waiter said,
 “To talk of Rationing.
 The Fish is off, the Meat is off,
 But here’s the very thing—
 A lentil cutlet, underdone;
 It’s plain, but nourishing.”

“But wait a bit,” the Diner cried,
 “I must have more than that!
 If that’s the best that you can do,
 I’ll—well, I’ll eat my hat!”
 “Then this is what I would suggest,”
 The Waiter answered pat.



“A Guinness, Sir, in times like these,
 Is what you chiefly need;
 There’s nothing like a Guinness, Sir,
 It’s very good indeed.”
 The Diner had a Guinness and—
 He cordially agreed.



MARGARET SHERIDAN (THE COMTESSE DE RENEVILLE)

The authoress of this absorbingly interesting article holding up the African fetish mask. In the course of her article, which touches on the Black Magic and superstitions of the Dark Continent, Margaret Sheridan writes: "... one must not take the fetish business too seriously. Otherwise it becomes a haunting refrain in one's daily life"

MY first contact with Black Africa lived up to all my expectations. My husband was on the Staff of the Governor-General of French Equatorial Africa. We travelled out to the Congo with him. Every day for a fortnight our ship put into the West Coast ports, where receptions had been organised in his honour. Native musicians and dancers came from far inland to greet him. We were escorted triumphantly by curiously masked men, beating tom-toms.

The child-dancers at Sassandra thrilled me. Their fantastically painted faces never changed. They were thrown into the air by two enormous negroes who affected to receive them on the points of double-bladed knives. They also writhed on the ground in the most unbelievable contortions. It was sinister and fascinating. I did not know then that all the negro dances have a religious significance. The ritualistic meaning was lost upon me, but the impact of Africa was tremendous.

Eventually we reached our destination, a small town on the Congo River. We inhabited a three-roomed bungalow, in which there were windows but no glass. Mosquitoes feasted off us plentifully, and to make matters worse, there were Government House tea-parties. People paid calls, and played bridge. My ideas of Central Africa were based on what I had already seen on the coast. I found the provincial colonial officialdom very disappointing.

The natives were degenerate, forest-bred. Bantus, superficially Christianised, and suffering from all the local diseases. Indeed, disease in one form or another was everyone's pre-occupation. There were wonderful tropical ailments, some of them as yet unknown to science. We had everything from yellow fever to sleeping sickness. Leprosy and malaria prevailed, plus all the undefined maladies which sent the whites home on sick leave (if they were lucky), or to eternal

RED CROSS and BLACK MAGIC

By MARGARET SHERIDAN

Daughter of Clare Sheridan, the famous Sculptress

rest in the cemetery down by the river (which was more frequent).

The natives suffered from their own climate almost as much as we did. The infant mortality was enormous. The Governor's wife founded dispensaries for the mothers and children, while the medical service organised expeditions into the bush with doctors and nurses. As the dispensaries were understaffed, volunteers were called for to help the nurses. I jumped at it, as a palliative to the tea-parties and the visits which were making life so boring.

The nurse and I became great friends. We were given a lorry with a red cross on it, and a native interpreter. Twice a week we went jolting over primitive tracks, stopping at out-of-the-way villages. Our aim was to induce the women to bring their sick children to the dispensary, and also to rout out the lepers and take them to the leper-camp. This required a great deal of tact and persuasion.

One day we left the ambulance on the road, and walked for several miles into the bush, where we had been told there was a village suffering from chronic malaria. We installed ourselves, as usual, in the centre of the huts, and were administering large doses of quinine when I felt a tug at my dress. Looking down, I saw a small child. It was very thin, and naked except for a filthy loin-cloth. It might have been eight or nine years old. Negro children are usually shy and silent. But this one was amazingly voluble. I have never heard anyone talk so much or so fast. Several times the torrent of words was interrupted by a curious clucking. The child pointed to its stomach, and a fantastic crowing ensued. It seemed to be quite independent of its will, like a hiccup. We asked the interpreter to question the child. It appeared that she was a girl, Bandzoozi by name. She was an orphan, and lived in the bush. She was possessed of a devil, and she wanted to go to the white people's hospital, because she was sure that they would be able to get rid of it. I noticed that, when Bandzoozi appeared, several of the villagers tried to chase her away. Failing this, they tried to laugh off her presence by saying that she was mad. Yet she answered perfectly lucidly to all our questions, begging and entreating us to take her away. The village looked on in silence, but I sensed a certain uneasiness in the crowd. The child was certainly in a grave state of nervous excitement, and seemed to be labouring under some great fear. Nurse and I agreed that bromide was essential, and that food and rest in the hospital would work wonders.

We tried questioning the village about her, but the interpreter's translating powers seemed suddenly to fail him. The village was hedging, no more patients were forthcoming, so we packed up our medicine-chest and started to walk back to the ambulance. Bandzoozi held me firmly by the hand, talking and crowing unceasingly. She was almost delirious with excitement during the drive back. She kept telling us that she was going to live with the white people, who were going to drive the "devil" out of her stomach, and that no one would be able to hit her or hurt her any more. She had definitely a persecution mania.

We had to stop off at another village to collect a leper. Bandzoozi addressed the crowd with hysterical fluency, telling them that she was safe now, and going to be cured of her "devil." Her talk was constantly interrupted by the awful crowing sound. She used to turn to us apologetically and say: "You hear? It is my 'devil' talking. He is angry because he knows that you are going to drive him out!"

Just as we were about to drive off, a woman came out of the crowd and, going up to Bandzoozi, hit her over the head with her clenched fist. The blow would have felled a European adult. Bandzoozi cowered, but the flow of words was not interrupted. Evidently she was used to this treatment. I was furious and asked the interpreter what the woman meant. He answered: "It is because Bandzoozi has a 'devil.'" Then the child started crowing again.

When we arrived at the hospital, we took off her filthy loin-cloth and gave her one of our calico shirts. She was delighted, and stroked and patted it in ecstasy. We handed her over to the nun who had charge of the children's ward. Sister Monica was a sweet person, with a lovely young face and a vast colonial experience. Bandzoozi took to her at once, and would not leave her side. So we said good-bye

(Continued on page vi)



only
ONE
Tonic Food
Beverage
has all these
advantages

*Enjoys
World-wide
popularity*

*Is
universally
recommended
by
doctors*

THE outstanding advantages of 'Ovaltine' are of particular importance now. For example, in these days of food rationing, the concentrated nutritive properties of this scientifically perfect food will ensure that the daily diet contains the essential vital requirements.

'Ovaltine' supplies the vitamins, proteins, carbohydrates, calcium, organic phosphorus and other food elements required for maintaining health and vitality at the highest level.

Then again—the exceptional nerve-restoring properties of 'Ovaltine' are of particular value to you in these nerve-wearing times. These properties are largely derived from the new-laid eggs liberally used in 'Ovaltine.' No tonic food could be complete without eggs.

Remember that the proprietors of 'Ovaltine' go to the most unusual lengths to ensure the supreme quality of their product. The renowned 'Ovaltine' Dairy and Egg Farms, which are among the most scientifically conducted in the world, were specially established in the interests of 'Ovaltine' quality.

'Ovaltine' is made *up* to a quality—not *down* to a price. It would be a simple matter to cheapen 'Ovaltine' by altering the proportions of its health-giving ingredients and adding other substances. But the result would not be 'Ovaltine.' Quality and benefits such as 'Ovaltine' provides cannot be sold at a lower price.

*Is regularly
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*Has its own
specially
established
Dairy and
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Remember—
Ovaltine results are
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P.520A.



Stuart

OFFICERS OF A STATION HEADQUARTERS, ROYAL AIR FORCE

Almost every day brings us some thrilling record of the war in the air and an assurance that the R.A.F. is something a bit better and far finer than anything that the enemy can show. It also gives us the assurance that, as ever, we fight "clean," in striking contrast to the methods adopted by the Huns. The names in the above group are: (l. to r., back) Flt.-Lieut. W. Wenn, P/O. H. V. Landsberg, F/O. R. T. Wilkins, P/O. F. H. Schofield, P/O. P. J. Kelly, Sq.-Ldr. A. Hunter (retd.); (middle) F/O. R. N. Todd-White, Flt.-Lieut. H. Perring, Flt.-Lieut. W. J. Henney, Flt.-Lieut. W. Simpson, Flt.-Lieut. H. W. Walter, F/O. W. R. Gray, Flt.-Lieut. F. L. Kerby-James, F/O. J. S. Robinson; (seated) Flt.-Lieut. G. C. Bonner, F/O. D. McLaren, Sq.-Ldr. I. Campbell-Orde, Flt.-Lieut. L. M. Woolveridge, Wing-Com. S. F. Vincent, A.F.C. (C.O.), Wing-Com. G. H. Vasse, Sq.-Ldr. A. N. Wilkinson, Sq.-Ldr. L. J. Fletcher, P/O. E. G. C. Quilter.

Aerial Argot.

ARGOT is born and not made. You cannot—in aviation, at any rate—create a successful slang word. The entire staff of experts which compiled the Oxford Dictionary would be unable to launch a new word for aeroplane, for instance, with any certainty that it would catch on. Yet when the right slang word does turn up, it is instantly recognisable. The other day there appeared in one of the papers and, later, in an Air Ministry news-letter and, later still, in other papers, a number of slang words which were said to be used by the German Air Force. On reading through those words, however, I noticed that many of them were common in the last war or just after it, and that led me to suspect the whole story as being what journalists impolitely call a "re-hash."

My recollection is, for instance, that the term "brass donkey" was applied to the first Junkers all-metal machines. I can hardly believe that the term is still used to-day, when all-metal machines have become the rule instead of the exception. For slang must alter with the times, and the word that seemed, when it was introduced years ago, to be the apex of attractiveness and humour, will to-day stink in the nostrils of a new generation. That is at once slang's strength and its weakness. There have appeared, however, in the French paper *l'Air*, some of the terms now used in the French *Armée de l'Air*, and they have an authentic touch.

For aeroplane there are the words "taxi," "zinc" (that has had a good run of popularity), "coucou," "voiture" and—spoken with the right satirical tone—our old friend "bolide." The pilot is "Emil" to the Germans and the "cocher" to the French. The observer is "Franz" to the Germans and the "sac de sable" to the French.

AIR EDDIES

By OLIVER STEWART



Lafayette

AIR COMMODORE L. H. SLATTER,
O.B.E., D.S.C., D.F.C.

The promotion of Air Commodore Slatter from Group Captain was announced in January. Any facts concerning where Air Commodore Slatter is serving are not permitted publication.

English Equivalents.

In the old Royal Flying Corps most of the successful slang was unprintable, and it was extraordinary the richness and variety which the ever-present obscenity and indecency lent to the aviator's vocabulary of a quarter of a century ago. I suppose the best individual term of that period was the one which has subsequently been printed in full in some greatly daring papers, but which I will here indicate by its polite (and therefore relatively weak) equivalent, "split-air." "Split-air" was applied first to steeply banked turns and then to all wild activities. A person could be said to be "split-airing" about. For the wind-sock there was the appropriate term, for the Royal Flying Corps cap (similar to to-day's Royal Air Force field service cap) and for the Royal Flying Corps tunic.

Whether such slang is being re-created in the Royal Air Force squadrons of the present time I do not know. Aeroplanes have been called almost everything that they could be called, but no doubt some genius will come along with a new term sooner or later in this war. The English equivalent of the German "brass donkey" for an all-metal aeroplane used to be "tin balloon." Then we had "bus" (now completely out of date and sounding strangely decrepit and old-fashioned), "grid," "kite" and, more recently, "boat." But so far I have waited in vain for any newer terms.

Civil Aviation.

There have been signs of movement in the world of civil aviation recently. I am not one of those who scream for full civil aviation development as if it were of paramount importance during the war. I believe that the first thing to do is to get on with the war and to concentrate the air effort on military aviation.

(Continued on page xii)



The value of morale . . .

The value of morale as compared with material is as three to one, according to a great strategist of the past. There come moments, however, for those of us not in direct service when weariness and puzzlement o’ertake us.

Yet is the morale of each one of us — plain citizens though we be — vital to the corporate strength of purpose (for be sure your lack of smiles will spread to others beyond counting).

Then is the time to remember your Worthington — first brewed for men of fine morale in a country that was yet small. It will ease you of your fatigues, as it did your fathers, and bring again the slow, quiet smile of patience and high courage that heartens all about you.





A DAIMLER "TWENTY-FOUR" SALOON

This very distinguished product of a British firm, whose name goes back to the earliest days of motoring, is a worthy offspring of Daimler's great tradition, combining fine engineering craftsmanship with extreme elegance of line

Let's Go Buddy.

IT'S just over a fortnight to Easter. And what with Summer Time in force and special facilities available for including the holiday period in the next quarter's registration, things are looking up. So now's the time to fettle up the stored car, study the road maps, write the hotels, fill the tanks, and pray for the sun. For a good holiday and a change of scene are a wise way of spending money. Even a case-hardened economist would agree with that, for upon the health and strength of the nation, no less than on its morale, depends the final victory. And a holiday for a human being acts rather in the same way as draining and refilling the sump of an engine. It enables the machinery to do its best for the next working period.

So let's forget the winter and its worries, twitter and go all buddy and green-grassy—vernal, in fact. First thing is where to go. Despite all the din about the commandeering of hotels, there are hundreds of pleasant places open and only too willing to do their best to entertain you. This is especially the case with places in the country, and it is the country that will most appeal to the balloon-barraged, blacked-out, sandbagged slaves of the cities. I always look on Dorset as one of the pleasantest and least-spoiled counties easily accessible to London. You can find places there so apparently remote that you cannot see another house. And yet rumbling along the road comes a bus to take you to Bournemouth or Sandbanks in a few minutes. And there you can be as sophisticated as you please. The half-way house between the wilds and wine-and-dine stuff is that which features sporting facilities, riding, golf, tennis, squash, and so on. Many modern hotels have squash, badminton, and even indoor tennis courts, the most notable of which is that all-sports, all-in-terms, ex-bishop's residence, the Palace Hotel, Torquay. At spots like this, though not necessarily so complete and extensive, you are independent of the weather.

One of the things that will liven up English holiday resorts is the impossibility of going abroad this year. So that the money which in normal times the crews of 20,000 cars would have taken abroad will be kept in this country and some of it will be used on holidays on the home front.

So here's to the road again. You'll find it very different from what you were accustomed to

Coaching Days Return.

If you can't save enough petrol you might try the motor-coach, especially if your destination is far from a railway. Lots of people are using coaches on cross-country journeys which would take days by train. The coaches average about 20 miles an hour, are well warmed, and have comfortable seats. They stop for light refreshments, etc., every few hours, and smoking is permitted. I was

A CRAWLEY AND HORSHAM
MEET AT KNEPP CASTLE

Major Lord North, who is Lord Guilford's son and heir; Lady North, who is a sister of Major Walter Burrell, who owns Knepp; and Mrs. A. T. Hodgson collecting for the Royal Agricultural Benevolent Fund

MRS. WALTER BURRELL,
CHÂTELAINE OF KNEPP, AND SON MARK

Another snapshot taken on the same day as the one above. It was the first time the Crawley and Horsham were out after the recent freeze-up. Mark Burrell, grandson of Sir Merrick Burrell, budding foxhunter, is two

amazed to find that some of them do 18-19 miles to a gallon on Diesel oil, which at 1s. 5d. a gallon is remarkably cheap transport. To see a fleet of these vehicles start off for places all over England at zero hour—at my home town 2 p.m.—reminded me of the start of a big road race. Each vehicle stood on its specially marked-out piece of the concrete apron, engine running and driver alert waiting the starting-signal. A moment later the fleet was off, a most imposing sight. Some of these coaches use five-cylinder engines which are said to run as smoothly as sixes. And yet the only five-cylinder car-engine I ever remember was an air-cooled radial affair built by Enfield-Allday after the last war.

(Continued on page XVIII)

It's a
British tradition
to offer your guests
Schweppes





SPRING "CLASSIC"

See the skill of the Cutter, craftsmanship of the master tailor in this tailored classic by Fenwick. Famous for Suits for 50 years, their delightful new styles are now ready—choose the one you like and have it made perfectly to your requirements for $10\frac{1}{2}$ gns. FENWICK LTD., LADIES' TAILORS, 63 NEW BOND ST., W.1

Fenwick
of BOND ST.
(CORNER OF BROOK STREET)

The Highway of Fashion

By M. E. Brooke



THE spring fashions are altogether delightful. The trio of blouses at the top of the page come from Walpole's, New Bond Street. The one on the left is of crease-resisting satin-striped organdie; note the bows down the front and the arrangement of the stripes and the cravat bows. It is 29/6. White georgette has been used for the model in the centre, enriched with black velvet. Seed linen makes the last of the trio. There are unusual buttons, tucks appear on the pockets and the price is 35s. 9d.

A VERY important feature of the mountain blue ensemble on the left is the all-round pointed fuchsia yoke, the same colour being present in the buttonhole of the coat. It may be seen at Debenham and Freebody's, Wigmore Street. Attention must also be drawn to the arrangement of the pleats on the skirt. They stand up, but never do any of those troublesome things which pleats so often do. It must be related that the scheme looks equally well when the coat is buttoned up

UNIFORMS for the services, both for men and women, loom well on Burberrys' horizon, as they are perfectly correct in every detail. However, they have not neglected their tailored coats and suits; the spring collection may be seen in their showrooms in the Haymarket. To them must be given the credit of the coat on the right. It is a pleasing study in black and white tweed. The collar is adjustable and so are the revers. It is sometimes overlooked that this firm excel in accessories

Pictures by Blake

FOR LONGER DAYS



SPRING is in the air and in the hat department of Harrods, Knightsbridge. The models pictured have come there direct from Paris. The chef d'œuvre above is of regimental red grosgrain misted with black wool netting. The upstanding quill passed through the crown gives it the much to be desired air of piquancy.



IT is also at Harrods that the new version of the postilion may be seen. It is of a very soft felt, just right for spring wear. The red and green grosgrain cockades are pleated to suggest fans. The last of the trio is of felt, its fount of inspiration being the Bretonne beret; the shaded cravat bows at the back are indeed very attractive, and appear to strike a new note.

A FACT that cannot be made too widely known is that Liberty's, Regent Street, are making a feature of simple little frocks which are moderate in price. Surely nothing could be more attractive than the frock portrayed on the left. It is of fancy cloqué with a detachable lace collar and cuffs; the price is 7 guineas.

ATTENTION to detail is ever a fetish in the tailormade department on the ground floor at Marshall and Snelgrove's, Oxford Street. The coat and skirt on the right are black, while the bodice is arranged with unusual drapery, thereby rendering it as appropriate for lunch as for an informal dinner. The head-dress harmonizes with the drapery.



Pictures by Blake

Beauty

I N T H E S P R I N G . .



Have you not noticed in the early days of Spring how mercilessly critical your mirror can be? And terrifying too, can be the thought that mirrors seldom lie unless they flatter . . . But take heart . . . Cyclax will completely transform a winter-wearied complexion.

Cyclax
OF LONDON

★
If the winter winds have dried or chafened your skin "**MILK OF ROSES**" is a sheer necessity. This lovely preparation is an emolient, non-greasy liquid cream which is used as the powder base. It not only lays the foundation for the perfect matt finish but soothes, softens and protects.



★
To rid the skin of discolouring elements which, during the sunless months have collected beneath the surface, use **SPECIAL LOTION**. Just two or three applications and even a very dull skin becomes wonderfully clear and fresh, able again to breathe freely—the first essential of skin health and beauty.



★
To feed your skin, to smooth out lines and tone up drooping muscles, and give it a texture like satin, you need Cyclax "**SKIN FOOD**," skilfully prepared in four blends to suit every type of skin; it will stimulate as well as nourish.



★
These three Cyclax preparations, together with the **CLEANSING LOTION** for removing make-up during the day, are, at this time of year, the four essentials for beauty care at home.



At all the better shops and stores

58 SOUTH MOLTON STREET, LONDON, W.1 • 1 MANNERS MANSIONS, JOHANNESBURG • MELBOURNE AND NEW YORK



JUST the very thing to step into after a strenuous day spent in war work is this house-coat above from Swan and Edgar, Piccadilly. It is equally appropriate for an informal dinner. And although the price is only 6½ guineas it is carried out in spotted shantung and is available in many colours. As will be seen the corsage is arranged on flattering lines; the skirt is full, the scheme being completed with a sliding fastening. There are other house-coats in fancy marocain for 55s., and robin redbreast red and dove grey shades are present in the very charming double georgette models

WONDERFUL value is always present in the suits at Selfridges, Oxford Street. The one on the right above is seven guineas. Variations on this theme are from six guineas. There is an attractive military aspect about it; the fringed epaulette sleeves and pockets are important features

NOWHERE is the art of building the classic tailormade better understood than at Aquascutum's, 100, Regent Street. To them must be given the credit of the admirably tailored, single breasted coat and skirt at the base of the page on the right. It is of West of England tweed



Bicycle in Daks



Snap your fingers at petrol rationing! Ride away with health and freedom in Daks! You'll look so trim and neat — and feel so much more at your ease, for Daks are designed for comfort-in-action. Choose one of the clean, dust-resisting whipcords, hardy corduroy, or practical grey flannel. Or why not go in for a complete Daks suit? If you live in the country, you'll find you want to wear nothing else. Daks cost 32/6, and Daks suits from 5½ gns.

Simpson
PICCADILLY

There are agents for women's Daks throughout Great Britain, or you can get them at Simpson 202 Piccadilly London W.1

Red Cross and Black Magic

(Continued from page 326)

to Bandzoozi, and went away. I was not able to get up to the hospital the next day, but I knew that Bandzoozi was in good hands, so I did not worry about her.

The next afternoon nurse came to see me. She was very upset. "Bandzoozi has gone from the hospital!"

"Gone?" I repeated stupidly.

"Yes, disappeared last night. I have just been to see Sister Monica, she is in despair about it. The child was perfectly happy with her, and made no attempt to run away. She cannot explain how or why the child got out. We do not understand. . . ."

Neither did I.

"But her village is twenty miles away, even by the bush paths," I said, "she will never be able to find her way. Besides, she does not want to go back."

We were completely baffled.

That night there was a ball at Government House. While the others danced in the atmosphere of a Turkish bath, I cornered an aged colonial friend of mine, and took him out on to the veranda.

He had been in Africa long enough to admit of the possibility of almost anything. Only newcomers are sceptical about the queer side of African life. Rationalism dies on you, if you stay there long enough, and survive.

I told him all about the child. He listened silently, and when I had finished he said:

"I am afraid that you will have to give up Bandzoozi. It is no use looking for her."

I said that I must institute a search, because I considered myself morally responsible for her since I had taken her away from the village. But he shook his head.

"You are very young. In time you will stop feeling responsible for every nigger brat you pick out of the bush. But I have heard of cases like this before. The child may be epileptic. She is certainly older than you think. Consciously or unconsciously she has ventriloquial powers. It is probably nervous. Anyway, the village have marked her down as the scapegoat. You say yourself that she lives in the bush, like a wild animal. That is because they believe that all the evil spirits which beset the village are centred in her. You may be quite sure that she is in the hands of the witch doctor. She knows it, and that is why she was so

anxious to be taken away. Your Christian interpreter is just as terrified of him as the pagans, that is why his interpreting powers suddenly deserted him."

"But why did she run away?" I argued, "she was in safety with us. . . ."

"She did not go of her own free will, naturally. She was probably hypnotized to go . . . they are good at hypnotism. Anyhow, I advise you to let the whole matter drop."

I said that I would do nothing of the kind, that if need be I would go and find the witch doctor, but he interrupted me, laughing:

"You will never succeed. Go and find the witch doctor! That would be really too easy! Most of the people themselves do not know who he is. He probably lives in the forest. There is not a nigger in Africa who will give you any assistance, and you will only make yourself ridiculous, my very young friend!"

But nurse and I were determined on one last try.

The next day we returned to Bandzoozi's village. It seemed to us that there was a faint smile on the black faces. But we were determined to bluff it through. I demanded Bandzoozi. Bandzoozi? But we had taken her away with us the last time. They had not seen her since. She had left the hospital? But how was that possible, and she had been so anxious to go . . . she could not have found her way back to the village. . . . I felt that we were being made fools of, and cut short the palaver. In a mixture of French and the local dialect I said that I knew Bandzoozi was there, and that if she was not forthcoming I would prevail upon the governor to send the guards and chastise the village. Then we took the law into our own hands and ordered a perquisition in all the huts. But there was no Bandzoozi, nor trace of Bandzoozi ever having existed.

Behind the village the equatorial forest stretched away, dense and impenetrable for hundreds of miles. Nurse turned to me hopelessly:

"What is the use of searching the village, with that so near?"

Defeated and humiliated we returned to the ambulance. Nothing was ever heard of Bandzoozi again. She is one of the many unexplained disappearances which from time immemorial have kept the African peoples in the grip of their fetish men.

Though the missionaries have done much to undermine their influence they cannot entirely eradicate the old beliefs. Fear is probably the strongest emotion in primitive peoples, and fetishism is based on fear.

Sometimes the missionaries have the contrary effect to the one they are seeking. I know of a whole Christianized community which returned to paganism overnight.

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Red Cross and Black Magic

(Continued from page vi)

It happened like this, in one of the forest villages, on the edge of a lake.

One evening, when the local district commissioner was taking his well-earned "sundowner," a native chief arrived on the steps of the veranda. He was quite incoherent and at first no one could make out what he was talking about. He said that his village, which was half a day's march away in the forest had been attacked by crocodiles at the instigation of the witch doctor! He implored the commissioner to send some armed guards, at once, to protect them against further attacks. The commissioner said that the man was mad, but he sent a detachment of guards, and went the next day to see for himself.

He found the village in a state of panic. Every one was agreed as to what had happened. After night fell the villagers had been squatting round their fires in front of the huts. The crocodiles, under cover of darkness, had come up out of the lake and attacked them! Of a population of fifty, twelve men and women had been killed. The chief explained that he and his village were mostly Christians. As a result, the witch doctor was not getting his dues. To get his flock back into hand, he decided to give a proof of his powers. For several nights, during the full moon, he had been seen to go down to the lake and make incantations.

his was the result. He was said to have threatened an invasion of snakes, if the crocodile act were not enough. It was also rumoured that he had defied the mission to do greater magic, if they were able!

The village lived in terror of what would happen, if the white priests took up their black colleague's challenge! The district commissioner felt his reason slipping from him. He could not seriously write a report to Paris to the effect that the local magician had set crocodiles on the village to counter-balance the growing influence of the mission station. Nevertheless, there were twelve deaths to be accounted for, and twelve crocodiles which very obviously bore the marks of croc's teeth. Of course, the witch doctor was nowhere to be found. The petrified, and by now wholly pagan, village knew better than to give away his whereabouts.

the commissioner wrote of the regrettable outbreak of smallpox which had decimated the village, and took the opportunity of asking for a further supply of quinine, as his provision was getting low. . . .

Of course, one must not take the fetish business too seriously. Otherwise it becomes a haunting refrain in one's daily life. Things disappear, and the house boys assure you in all earnestness that it is the fetish who has spirited them away.

Nevertheless, when all latitude has been allowed for quackery, robbery, mass hallucinations, and poison, there still remains quite a reasonable amount to be explained. Bandzoozi, and the crocodiles, for instance.

M. S.

* * *

In our issue of February 7, we had a photograph which was described as "The Hon. Charles FitzRoy and friend at the New Florida." The "and friend" is, in fact, the Hon. Mrs. Charles FitzRoy, and we wish to express our regret that she should have been thus mis-described.

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WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS

Forthcoming Marriages.

The wedding will take place when leave permits between Officer Cadet Eric Gilson, son of the late Major F. G. Gilson, the Worcestershire Regiment, and Mrs. Gilson, of 51 Sydney Street, S.W.3, and Miss Elizabeth (Betty) Heald, only daughter of Mr. H. M. Heald (late Palestine Civil Service) and Mrs. Heald, of Turner's Court, Benson, Oxfordshire; Pilot Officer Kenneth Montague Bastin, R.A.F.V.R., only son of Mrs. Bastin, of Weston Favell, Northants, and Miss Leonore Howard-Strapp, of The Old Mill, Horsted Keynes, Sussex;

Major Hugh Nicholson, of Clan House, Bath, and Miss Eileen Dorothy Northey, only child of the late Captain Frank

Cookham Dean, Berkshire, and Miss Katharine Mayson King, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold King, of Knutsford, Cheshire, formerly of Alderley Edge; Mr. Edward Allan Corcoran, only son of the late Sir John Corcoran, K.B.E., C.B., and Lady Corcoran, of 62 Cornwall Gardens, S.W.7, and Miss Barbara Lawrence Pring, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Pring, of Wilsbury, Hartford, Cheshire; Mr. Edward Mayer, of 8 Fig Tree Court, Temple, only son of Mr. Sylvain Mayer, K.C., and Mrs. Mayer, of 65 Lexham Gardens, Kensington, and

Mrs. Griselda Margaret Gage, of New Place, Sunningdale, younger daughter of the late Rear-Admiral Sir Godfrey M. Paine,

K.C.B., and of Lady Paine, of Alverstoke, Hants; Wing Commander R. N. Waite, R.A.F., son of the late Richard Waite, J.P., and Mrs. Waite, of Duffield, Derbyshire, and Miss Jessamy Lowenthal, daughter of the late C. F. Lowenthal, K.C., and of Mrs. Lowenthal; Major Ian Malise Goff, Brigade Headquarters, Malta, second son of the late Mr. Ewen Goff and of Mrs. Goff, of The Grey House, Lewes, and Miss Dorothea June Taylor (present address: Lordswood House, Southampton), only daughter of the late Lieut.-Col. Percy H. M. Taylor, 32nd Lancers, I.A., and of Mrs. Taylor; Captain Ronald F. Chance, the K.R.R.C., and the Hon. Ava Baird, daughter of Viscount and Viscountess Stonehaven



MISS ANNE BODENHAM

Second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Bodenham, of Laureldene, Weybridge, whose engagement is announced to Second Lieutenant R. W. Vernon Neathercoat, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Neathercoat, of Holbrook Park, Horsham, Sussex

Northey, 36th (Worcestershire) Regiment, of Box, Wilts.

* * *

Recently Engaged.

The engagement is announced between Lord David Stuart, third son of the Marquess and Marchioness of Bute, and Miss Ursula Clifton, younger daughter of Sir Edward and the Hon. Lady Packe; Lieutenant-Colonel L. G. Holmes, Royal Artillery, and Miss Gladys Black, youngest daughter of the late Sir Robert Black, Bt., of Midgham Park, Berks, and Ellen, Lady Black, of 26 Lowndes Street, S.W.; Lieutenant Ransford Slater, Royal Navy, younger son of Sir Ransford and Lady Slater, of



SECOND LIEUTENANT AND MRS. R. J. RITCHIE

Who were married recently at Savoy Chapel. He is the well-known tennis player, and met his bride, Miss Elizabeth Gordon, when he was best man at the wedding of "Cam" Malfroy, the New Zealand Davis Cup player. He is serving in the Royal Artillery



MRS. J. A. CAREY

Who was married recently to Mr. John Antony Carey, R.A., only son of Lieutenant-Colonel J. L. R. Carey, D.S.O. (late R.A.) and Mrs. Carey, of Mont des Croix, St. Brelade's, Jersey. She was formerly Miss Dorothy Margaret Shaw, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Shaw, of Mingay, Bedhampton, Hampshire



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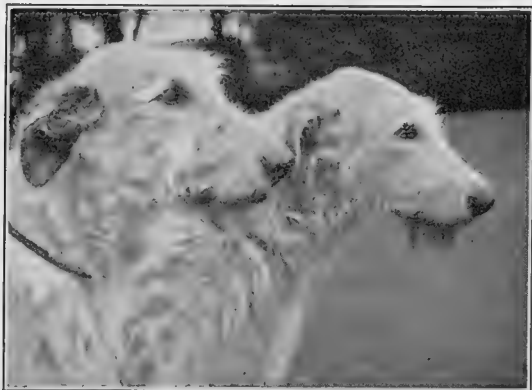
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IRISH WOLFHOUNDS
Property of Miss Croucher

LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES

The war has brought the dog into his own again. I have had many letters from people whose relations have been called up, wanting a dog as a companion. This is his true vocation. Numbers of dogs in kennels are interesting as a hobby, but the true work of the dog is to be the friend and possibly

to Holland, where she has done well. Miss Croucher's dogs have also distinguished themselves at the coursing meetings which have been held of late years. It is a revelation to see the speed at which these enormous dogs can gallop.

All show goers know Mrs. Murray Wilson and her Poodles. The Poodles



POODLE PUPPIES
Property of Mrs. Murray Wilson

solace of his owner. All down the ages from the earliest times, man has been accompanied by the dog; he is the most adaptable of all animals, can stand any climate and any circumstances, and live on what we could not eat. Our lives have been so busy these last years that there has not been time for the friendship of a dog, as well as many other pleasant things, which will very likely come into their own in the days that are before us! There has been a tendency lately to coddle dogs too much, especially in the way of feeding. This is quite unnecessary, the dog is very hardy naturally; you should see my Griffon which is small, revelling in the snow, on a diet of horseflesh and a very little biscuit, to see how unnecessary coddling is.

Irish wolfhounds are the tallest of all dogs. They have always been renowned for their size. Dorothy Osborne, writing in the seventeenth century to Sir William Temple, asks him to get her "an Irish greyhound," the biggest he can meet with. In spite of their enormous size they are among the gentlest and most biddable of their kind, good tempered with people and other dogs and devoted. Miss Croucher owns a well-known kennel. They are very few in number but most impressive, enormous and perfectly sound and straight. The photograph is of the sisters Rippingdon Wistful and Rippingdon Wanda, winner of two certificates. Wanda has bred several good ones, including Rippingdon Eileen, but the pick of the lot went



ONE OF "THE SIMPLES"
Property of Miss Hazelrigg

are not only good in themselves, but are remarkable for the perfect way in which they are put down. She has won many prizes with them. The photograph is of a family born in the summer, who would have certainly done some winning in better times and perhaps still may! Poodle puppies are delightful little dogs, and of course, all Poodles make excellent companions on account of their brain power. They are a very old established breed, and originally came from the Continent where they have always been highly prized. Mrs. Murray Wilson's dogs are not merely "kennel dogs," but are part of the family and treated as such.

The Dandie, as we all know, originally hailed from the Border, the nursery of so many good dogs and men! Coming from where he does, he is of course, a sportsman all through; nothing comes amiss to him. He also makes an admirable companion, being hardy, devoted, and very intelligent. Miss Hazelrigg owns a kennel of Dandies, Sealyhams and Dachshunds. Her dogs are well known all over the South of England, but she does not often go farther afield. The photograph is of a typical specimen. She has at this moment puppies of all three breeds for sale at moderate prices. They can be seen by appointment and any one interested can buy with certainty.

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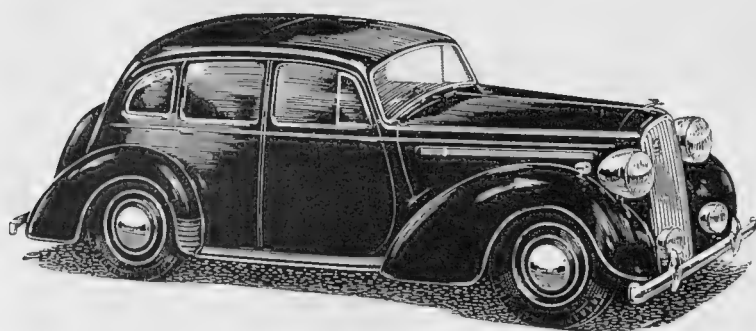


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Racing Ragout—(Continued from page 306)

of as Gordon Richards's Lincoln mount, but this isn't certain as the horse has several important hurdling events to run in first.

Despite the long break I saw very few really unfit horses, on the other hand quite a number of old plugs seemed to have taken on a new lease of life as the result of their enforced rest. I am not risking a libel action, so I'm mentioning no names, but I could tell you of at least half a dozen trainers who habitually over-gallop their horses. Of course they don't realize it, but a severe frost is nothing short of a godsend to such stables. Judging by what I have seen of wartime racing, there will always be a public for racing, and heaven knows there are enough horse trainers and jockeys, but I am very dubious whether there'll be any owners if this war goes on indefinitely, as it looks like doing at the moment. The parsimonious policy of most racecourses has made it well nigh impossible for owners to get any return even if they win a race. The courses under the direction of Crocker Bulteel are exceptions, and it's up to others to follow his shining example. By stinting owners, racecourse companies are killing the goose that lays the golden egg, for the owners are the life blood of the sport. It is, of course, very important that the public should turn up in large numbers, but racing would still continue even if they didn't. We couldn't race, however, without any owners.

Here's wishing Mr. Sumner Welles the best of luck and every success. If he can straighten out this spot of bother he should be asked to serve on Tattersall's committee.

Air Eddies

—(Continued from page 328)

After that has been done and we are fairly confident that we are ahead of the Germans in air strength, we can begin to look about and see what can be done about commercial flying. I do not mean, however, that civil flying should be neglected; still less do I mean that the opportunity should be taken to cramp out of existence the smaller civil aviation firms in favour of the bigger companies controlled by the railways or British Overseas Airways. Sir John Reith let down Imperial Airways—and through it British civil aviation—badly and left it at just the time it was most in need of help. The company still wants help and we hope to see it getting it. But we do not want to see it and its railway associates obtaining an exclusive grip on civil aviation. It would indeed be a national scandal if the war were seized on as a chance to cramp out of existence the smaller air operating companies and to hand over internal civil aviation to the control of the railways. That would be an intolerable state of affairs. The war would be no excuse for it.

Good Work.

Looking back on six months of war I think we should offer a word of commendation to the Royal Air Force. Bomber Command, Fighter Command and Coastal Command have all had their periods of intense activity even though there has as yet been no full scale air war. On the whole, the hardest work has fallen to the command about which least is normally said, the Bomber Command. They have had the stiffest battles and the heaviest losses. And they have done superlatively well. In fact, this period of six months of aerial operations gives grounds for the fullest confidence in the R.A.F. and its ability to cope with anything that may lie ahead.



AN ECHO OF THE COLD SNAP

Miss Leaf and Mrs. E. J. L. Speed on the lake at Oxten during that time when the whole country was frozen up. Lieutenant-Colonel E. J. L. Speed commands the Life Guards and as many know, is a first-class man to hounds and in a point-to-point—two pastimes which seem a long way off these days

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Pictures in the Fire

(Continued from page 313)

for all of which his master gets the discredit. If ever any one needed saving from one particular friend it is this man, whom the defunct Captain Langsdorff, late of the late *Admiral Graf Spee* has called a "pest."

The signs of Hitler's decaying nerve are definite, and though the probability is that he is not as mad as we have been asked to believe that he is—he is well on the road. He is still sane enough to hang on to his enormous stipend of something like £200,000 a year!

The only regrettable thing about the Josing Fjord incident was that a clean sweep was not made of every Hun aboard the *Altmark*—and yet, remembering the special pleading in the leading case which may be fittingly cited as *in re The Cities of the Plain, Ltd.*, perhaps the restraint was justified. Peradventure there may have been one—Langsdorff!

Writing on the subject of the excellent arrangements the R.A.F. make for feeding the airman when out on his perilous adventures, a correspondent who desires to remain anonymous, backs up the supposition ventured upon in my note, and says that the people in the small boats and submarines often have a very thin time. The meal in the air, details of which were given, is also a long chalk better than some of the rations the wretched coves who have to fight on the ground have had on occasion. How's this for high upon a particular expedition with which I happened to have had personal contact. *Rum*: strongly impregnated with kerosene oil; *Bread*: green with age,



THE TABLE TENNIS SEASON

Three of the cracks: on left, Miss Gwen Mace, who won the Women's Singles at Acton, beating the holder, Miss Phyllis Hodgkinson (right), and in the centre Jack Charrington, the English International, who is a lance-bombardier, and got leave from his gun to play in this tournament. He had reached the quarter finals at the time this goes to press. Table tennis is a lot in front of the old game that we used to know as the game of ping pong

hard as a brick and even when soaked nasty enough to kill a mastodon; *Bully*: very scarce and not too good; *Potatoes*: in sacks—and cut up into little black chips which tasted like a dead mouse; *Yáks*, which we had to eat sometimes, a bit too dead; *Mutton*: how much do you think you would get off a sheep that had not been able to graze for months?; *Lime juice*: good imitation of the stuff they stick in the axle boxes of railway trains—and so forth—you can fill in the chinks for yourselves.

Farmers have been having a poor time in the west, what with the weather and the lack of feeding stuffs, and here is some first-hand evidence of how hard. A correspondent writes me:—

"One chap I heard of seems to have got it in the neck all round. He had a few pigs at the start of the war and on the strength of the assurance that there would be plenty of feeding stuffs, increased his lot till he had fifty or so (one version said 150). Next thing of course, no feeding stuffs of any sort to be had, and the ground equally of course like iron, so he thought he had better cut his loss and send his pigs to market while they were still alive, and get what he could. When he tried to sell them an official twerp of some sort told him 'You can't do that there 'ere, without a permit,' so he took them back again. No signs of any feeding stuff there, so after hanging on a day or two, decided he must kill them. Local slaughterhouses closed by Ministry and nearest about seventy miles away over unused roads, so he slew them on the spot with the aid of a slaughterman. Now he is facing the following:

- "(1) A summons from the Ministry of Agriculture for removing his unsold pigs from the market, without a permit.
 - "(2) A summons from the R.S.P.C.A. for causing unnecessary suffering to fifty pigs by failing to supply them with a proper quantity of food.
 - "(3) A summons from the Ministry of Food for unlawfully slaughtering fifty pigs without a permit and not at an authorized slaughterhouse.
- "When he has paid the fines (if he still has money enough) I understand he intends to give up pig-keeping and I don't blame him, do you?"

“A gorgeous morning. Frosty, still, not a bump in the sky. All the ammunition's gone. It's done good work. And what a get-away! Left those Messerschmitts standing.”



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AT NAVAN STEEPLECHASES —SOME WHO WERE THERE



MRS. VICTOR PARR AND
CAPTAIN TOM BEVAN



MRS. W. SHARP WITH
LADY MAFFEY



MR. HARRY USSHER
AND LADY NELSON

Photos: Poole, Dublin

The best information provided at Navan on the day these pictures were taken was that Sir Alexander Maguire has a very useful second string to Workman, the Grand National in Sterling Duke who won the Ardumlohan 'Chase in very good style. Sterling Duke has only 10 st. 7 lb. at Aintree. All the people in the pictures are well-known Meath or Kildare hunt patrons. Mrs. Victor Parr is an ex-joint-Master of the Meath, with her husband, Major Victor Parr. Her escort, Captain Bevan, is a "Gunman" on leave. Mrs. Wilfred Sharp is the wife of Major Wilfred Sharp, genial secretary and manager of Navan, and Lady Maffey, wife of Great Britain's Representative in Eire. Harry Ussher, now a trainer, used to be one of Ireland's top-class performers between the flags and Lady Nelson, one of Ireland's most popular of owners.

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Spies in Cars.

I've often wondered how it is that enemy agents get their news across so quickly. An obvious way is the use of a transmitting set on a car. From something I heard the other day it seems that a wireless expert could detect the presence of a car transmitting set by quite a casual glance. But the trouble is that the ordinary driver



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Petrol Vapour

(Continued from page 330)

does not know what to look for. If he did and kept his eyes open we might rope in a few of these gents who keep Lord "Haw Haw" so well posted in our news.

When is a Car not a Car?

Here is a strange problem which happens to be true. A motorist lives at the top of a long hill at the foot of which is his service garage. His car is unlicensed and uninsured. Its petrol tank is empty and the ignition battery is away being serviced. The car is, therefore, useless as a car. But it can travel by gravity to the garage. If the owner proceeds in this way, is he breaking the law? If he free-wheeled on roller skates, no one would stop him, but if he gravitated on four Dunlops, what then?



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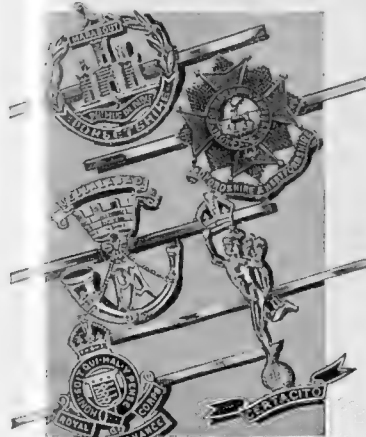


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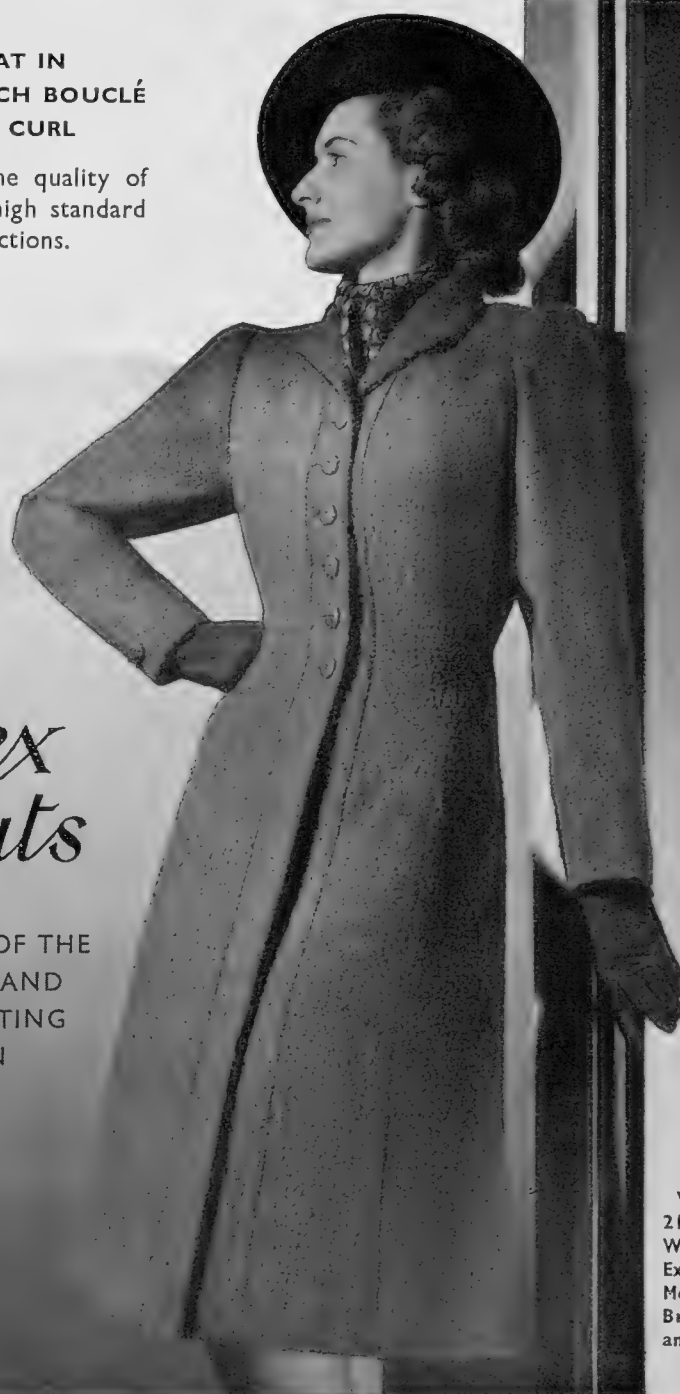
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AN R.A.F. WEDDING IN EAST LOTHIAN

Squadron Leader and Mrs. A. D. Farquhar taken just after their recent wedding. Squadron Leader Farquhar was the first airman in Scotland to be decorated by the King with the D.F.C. The bride is the former Miss Barbara Bisset, a daughter of the late Mr. Alan Bisset

let, as well as that mordant and insufficiently known work *Measure for Measure*. There will also be performances of Goldsmith's *She Stoops to Conquer*. A different play will be given at each performance.

Moonshine, Archie de Bear's new "pocket revue" is due to open at the Vaudeville Theatre on Tuesday, March 12. The show will be played once on the opening night, and twice nightly afterwards. There are several

new "discoveries" in the list of principals, which now includes Enid Stamp-Taylor, Sylvia Marriott, Helga Burgess, Jasmine Dee, Billie Hill, Wilma Vanne, Dolly Bouwmeester and Joan Clarkson; Eric Anderson, Allen Bourne Webb, Frank Drew and John Jackson. The "book" of *Moonshine* is by Reginald Arkell and Archie de Bear; music and additional lyrics are by Jack Strachey, and the settings are designed by Clifford Pember.

John Jackson, son of the famous J. W. Jackson, is arranging the dances, in addition to his personal work in the show. The orchestra will be under the direction of Bernard Crook, whose well-known B.B.C. combination is to be specially augmented for this purpose.

The Friends of the Poor, 42 Ebury Street, London, S.W.1 need your help for two old sisters, aged seventy-six and eighty-two. The youngest one was separated from her husband forty-six years ago and for eighteen years has been a mission worker in London. She has one son who has not been a help. His mother has worked to support him and finally she joined her sister and they have together made a home for the son during his many periods of unemployment. At one time he brought an unemployed friend to be looked after. This, however, has come to an end, and they are well up on a waiting list for a local almshouse. The Friends of the Poor want to give them 5s. a week for six months, and appeal for help to do this.

A comedy drama with a new twist is *Accident*, by Francis Wimbrook, which was staged by Circle Theatres Ltd. at Richmond on Monday last, March 4. The cast features Marian Spencer, Denys Blakelock, George Hayes, W. E. Holloway and Frank Royde. The producer is Maurice Browne and the settings and décor are by Sidney Gausden.



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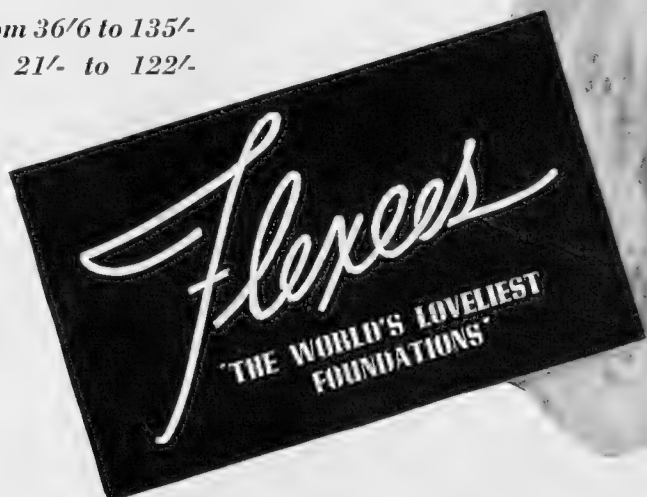


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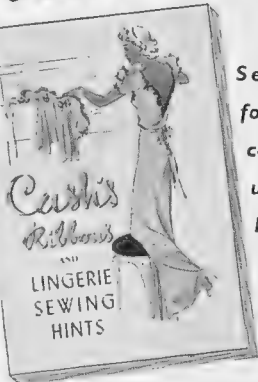
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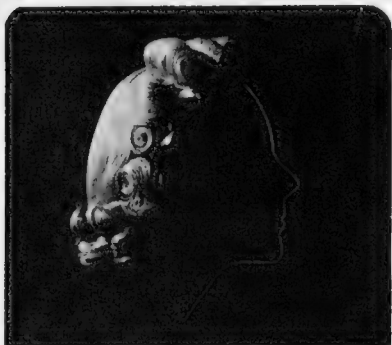
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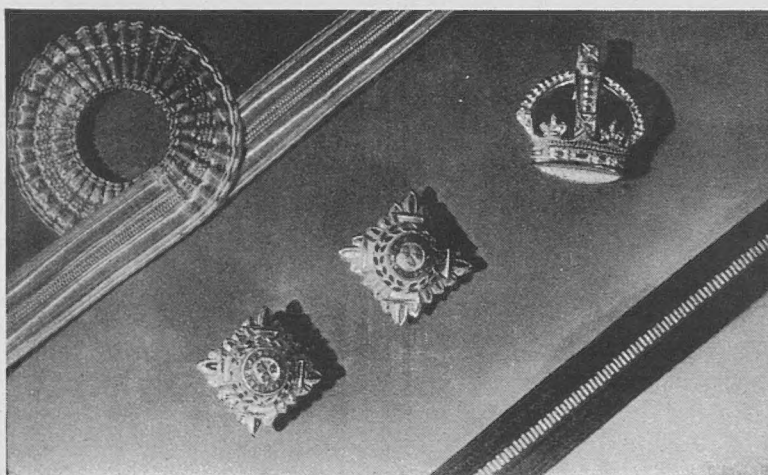
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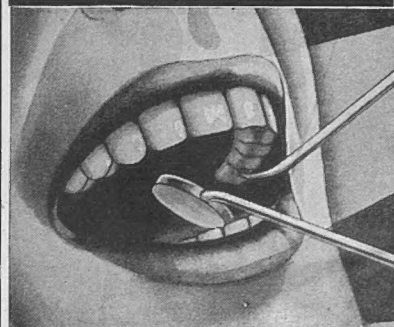
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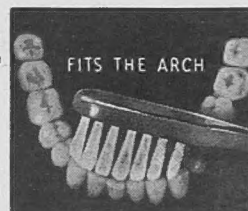
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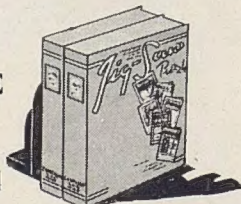
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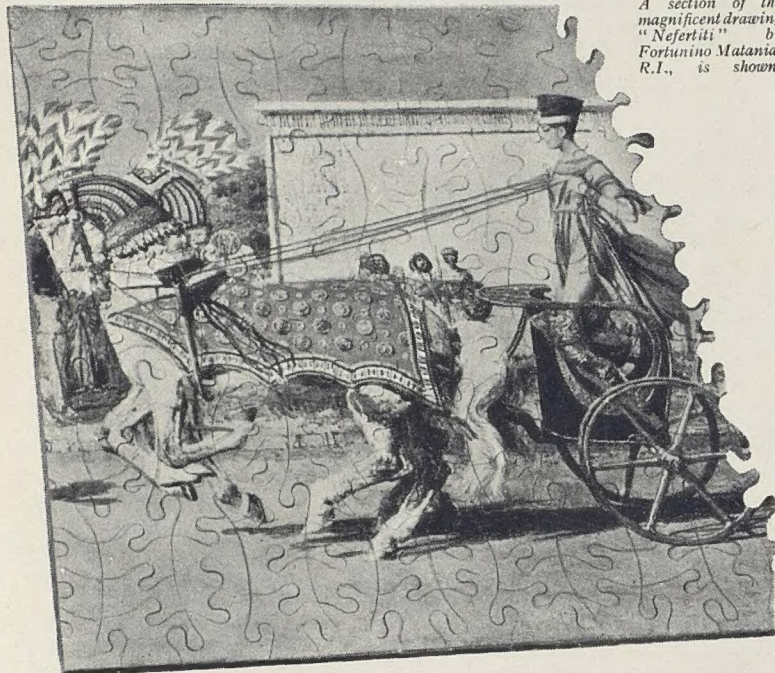
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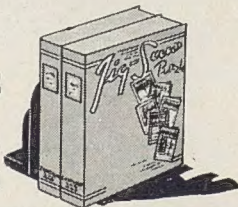
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